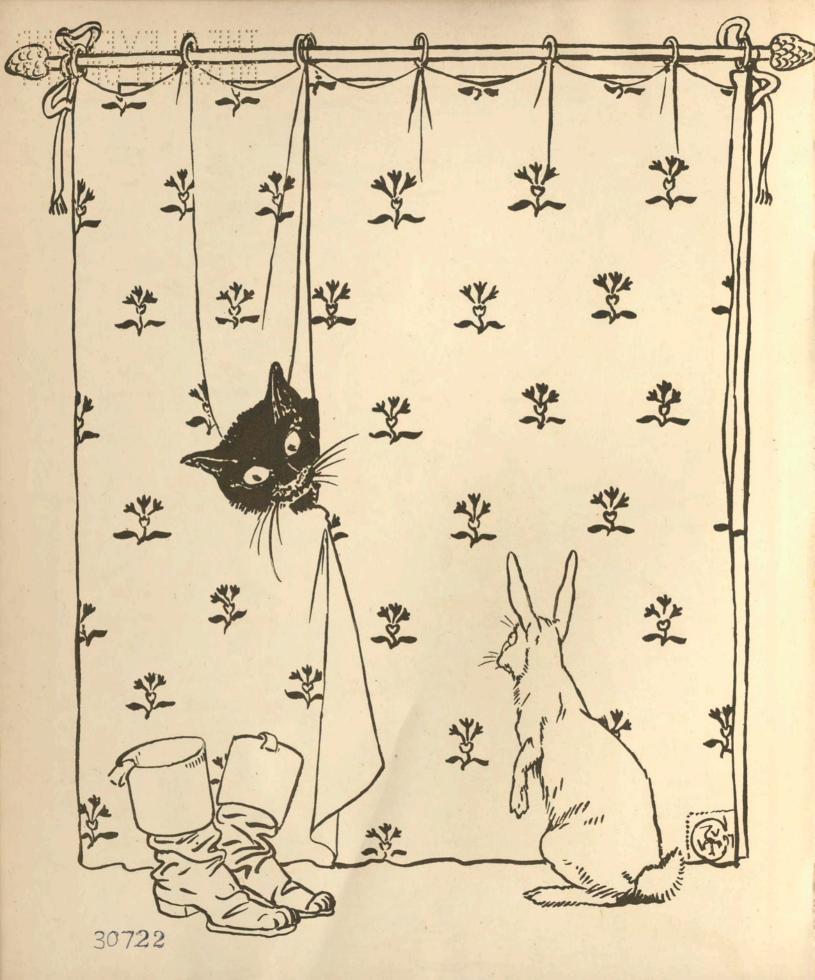
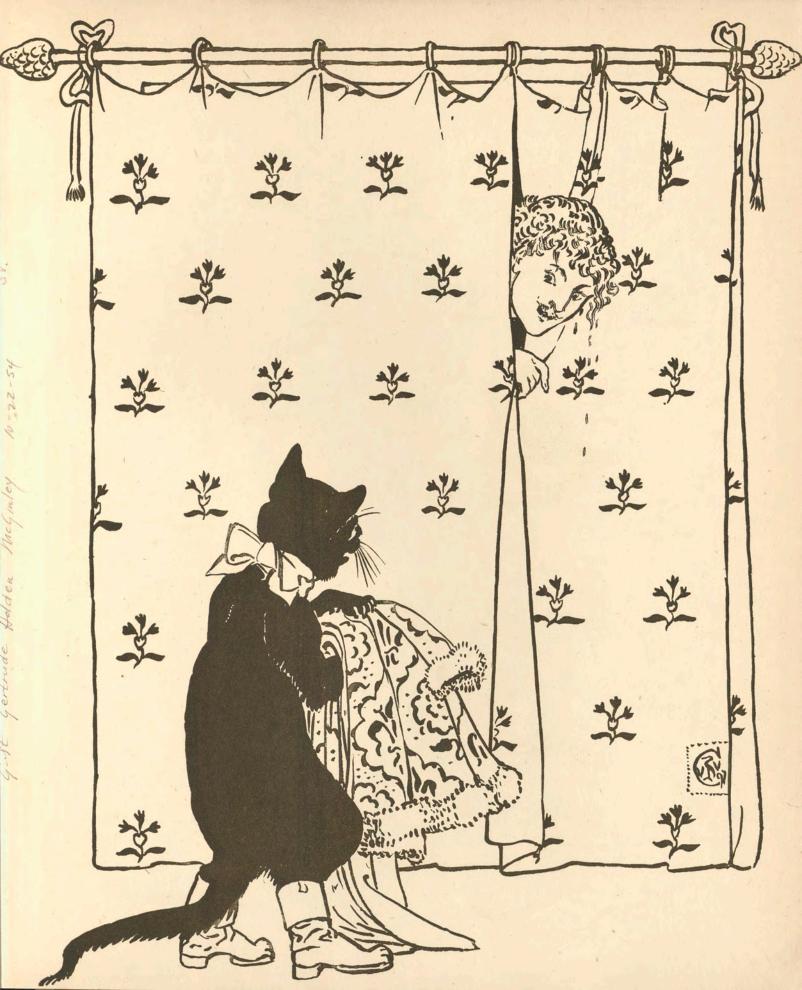
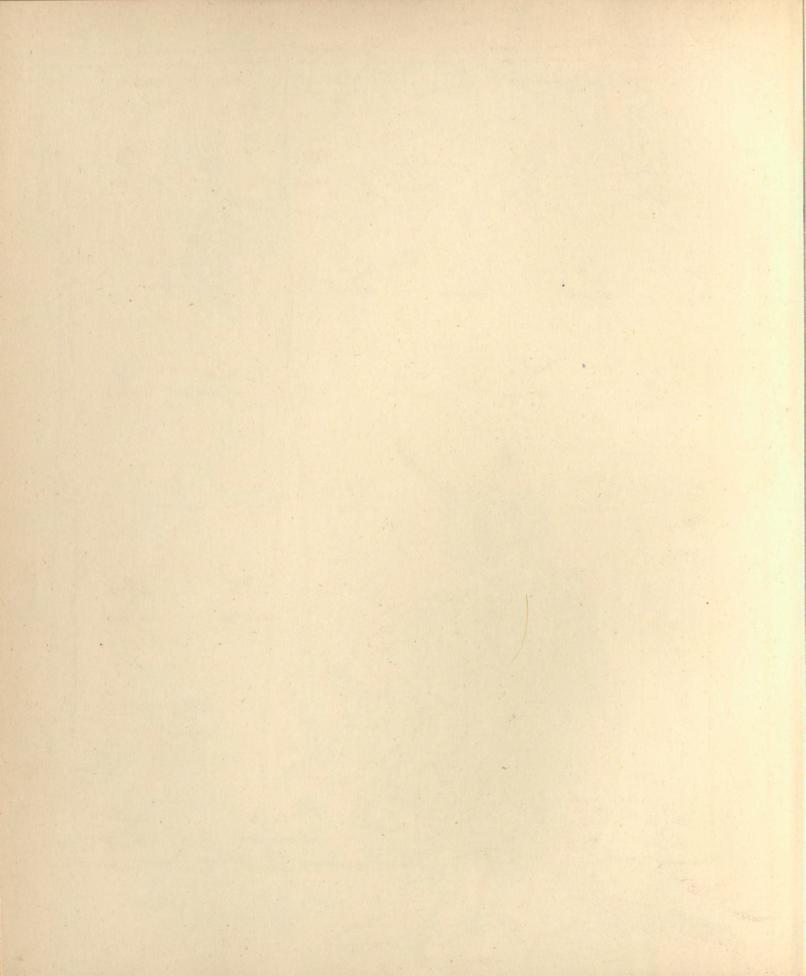


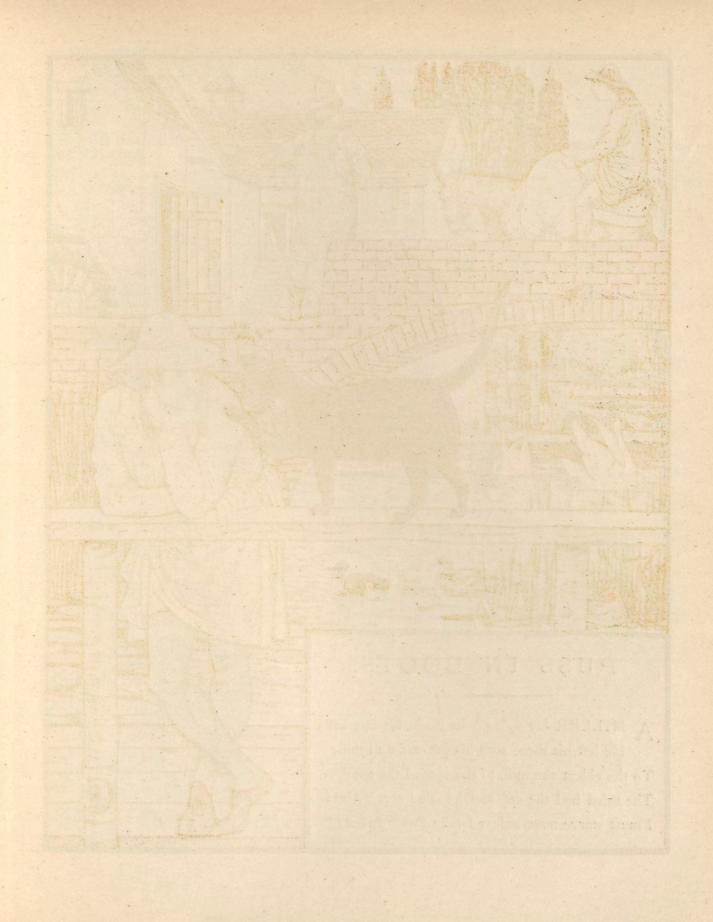
WALTER CRANE'S PICTURE BOOKS : RE-ISSUE ·PUSS ·IN· BOOTS

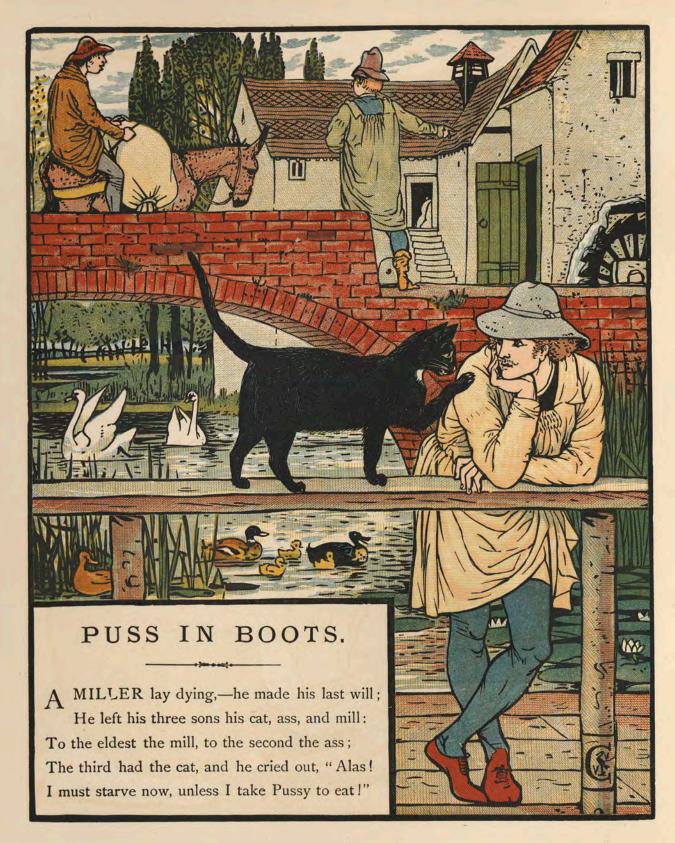
LONDON'S NEW YORK



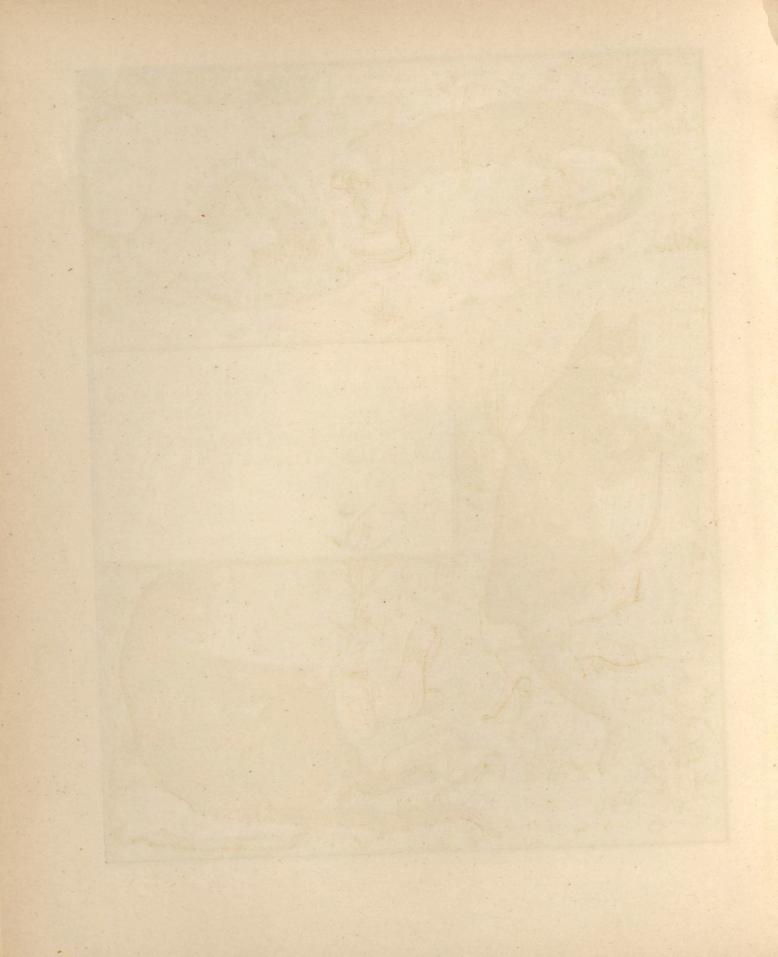




















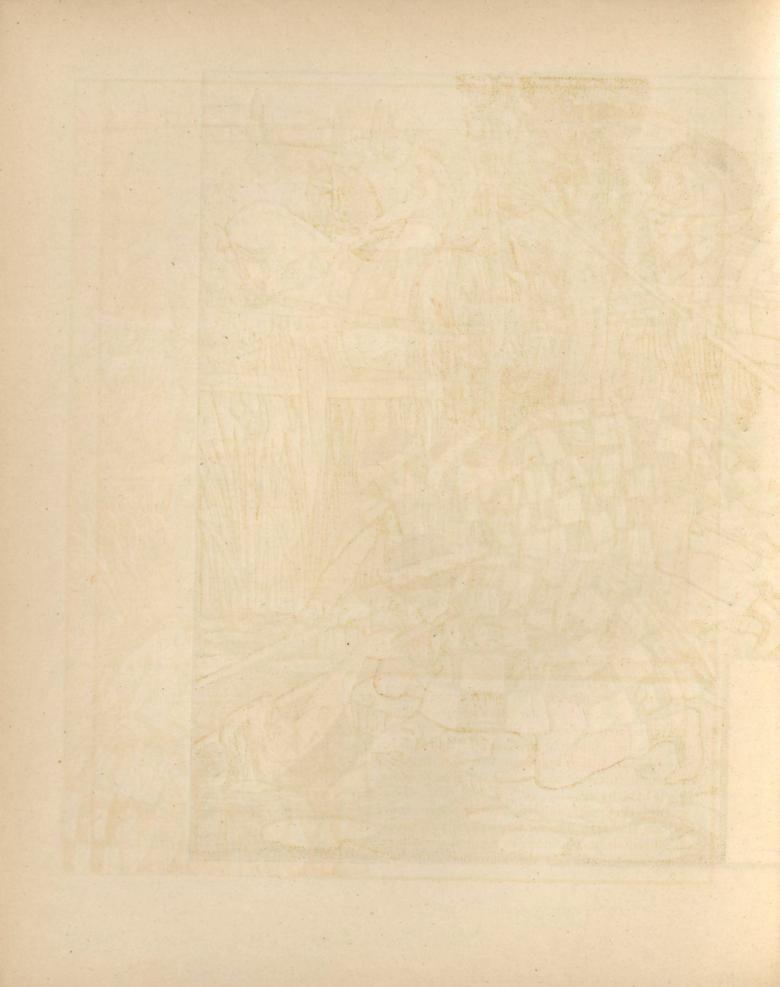
One morn, said the Cat to his Master, "I pray You to go and to bathe in the river to-day; The Marquis of Carabas, too, you must be, And leave all the rest of the business to me."

Now, while the King down by the river passed by, He heard dismal cries of—"Help! help! or he'll die! The Marquis of Carabas drowns!—O my master!"

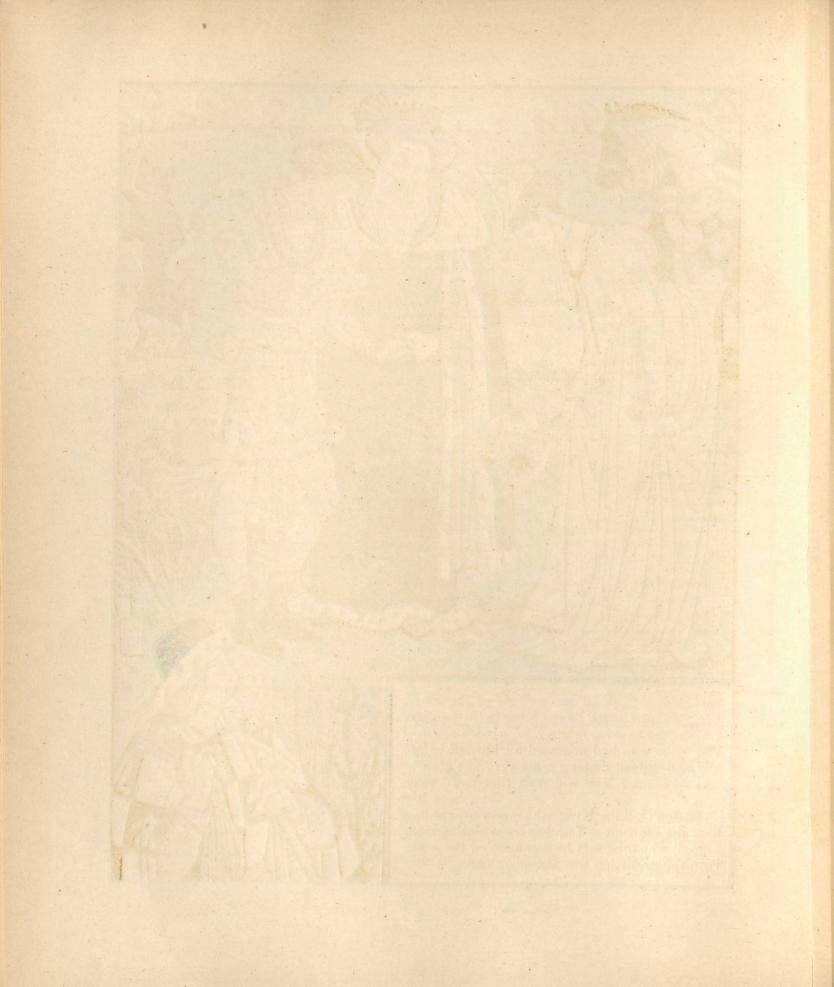
The King sent his guards to avert the disaster.

The Miller's son finds himself pulled out, and drest In all that his Majesty had of the best;









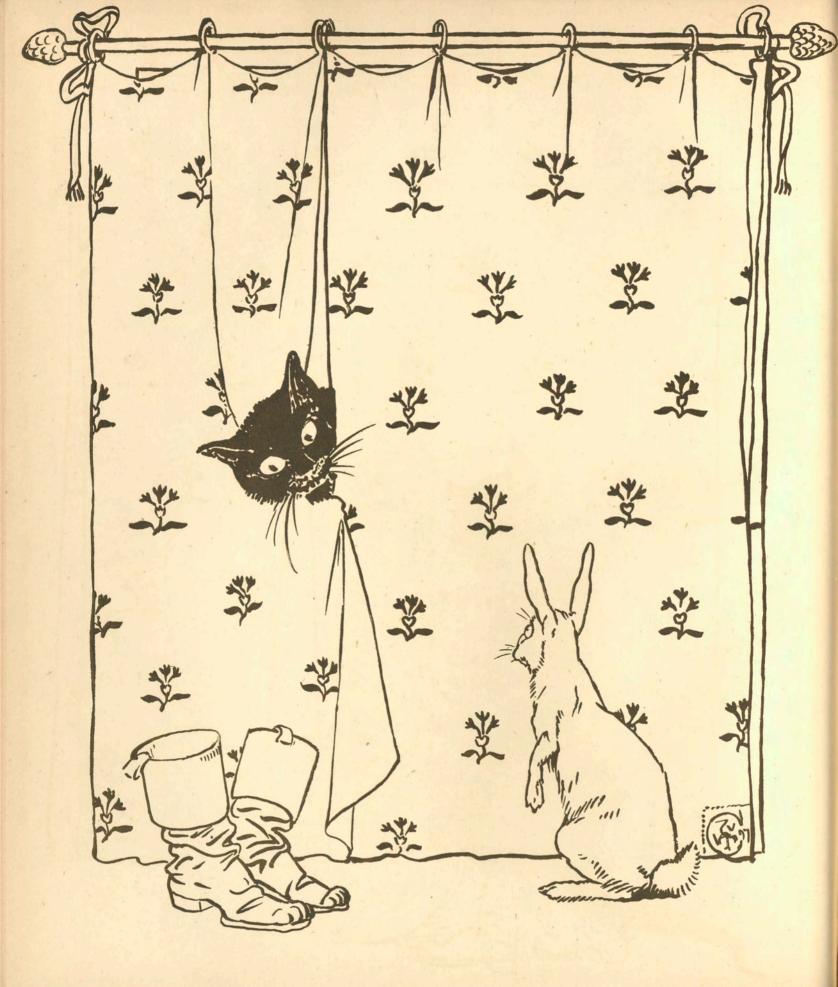


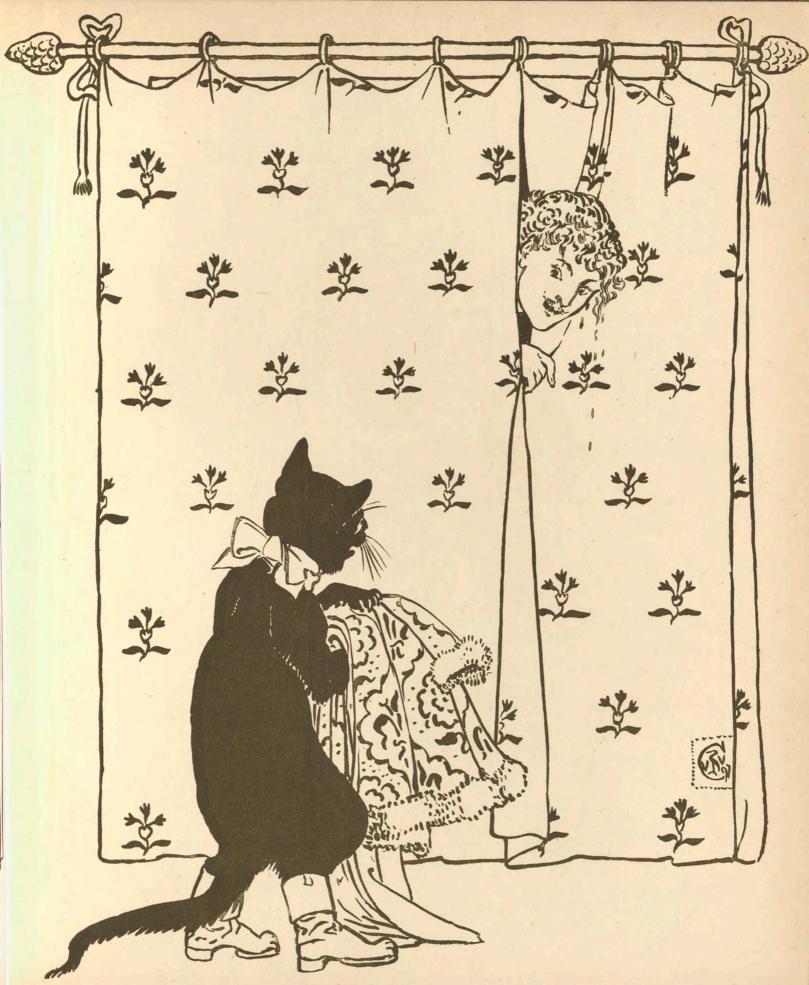






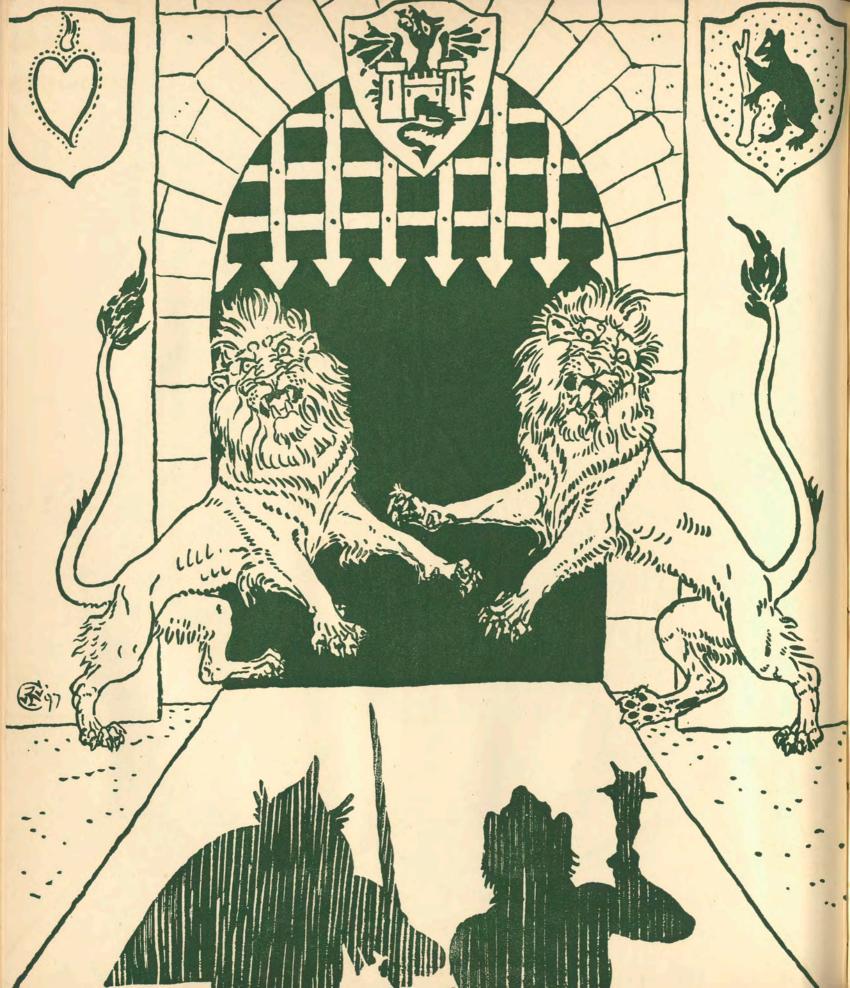


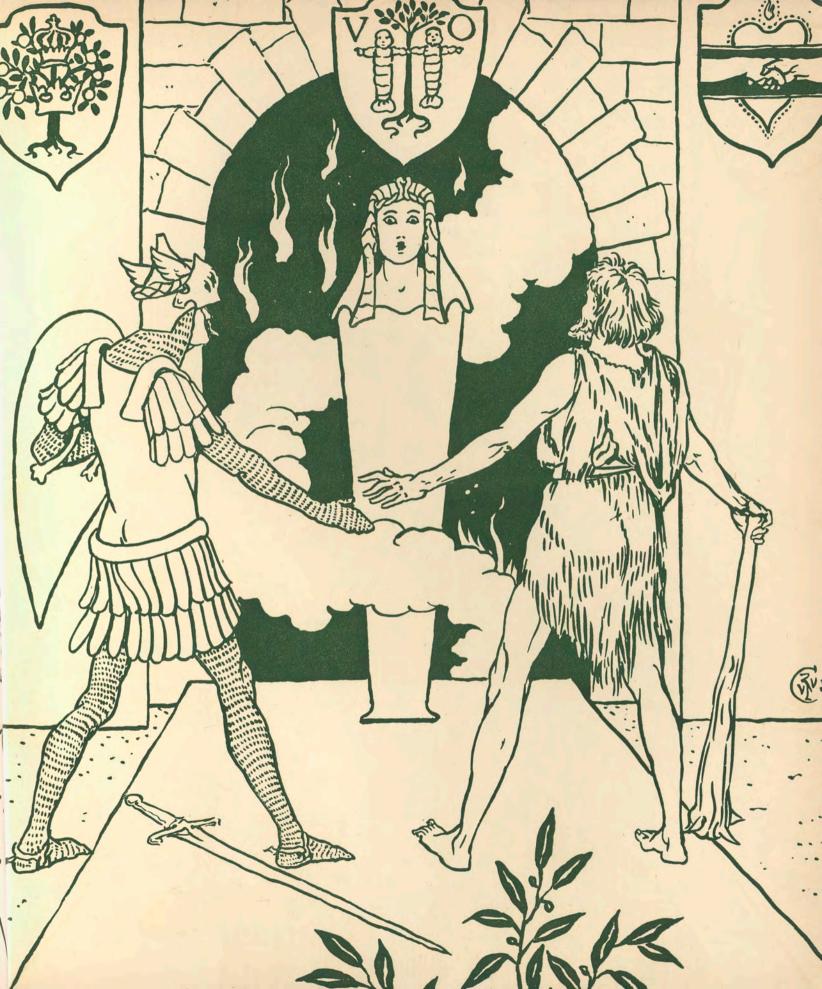


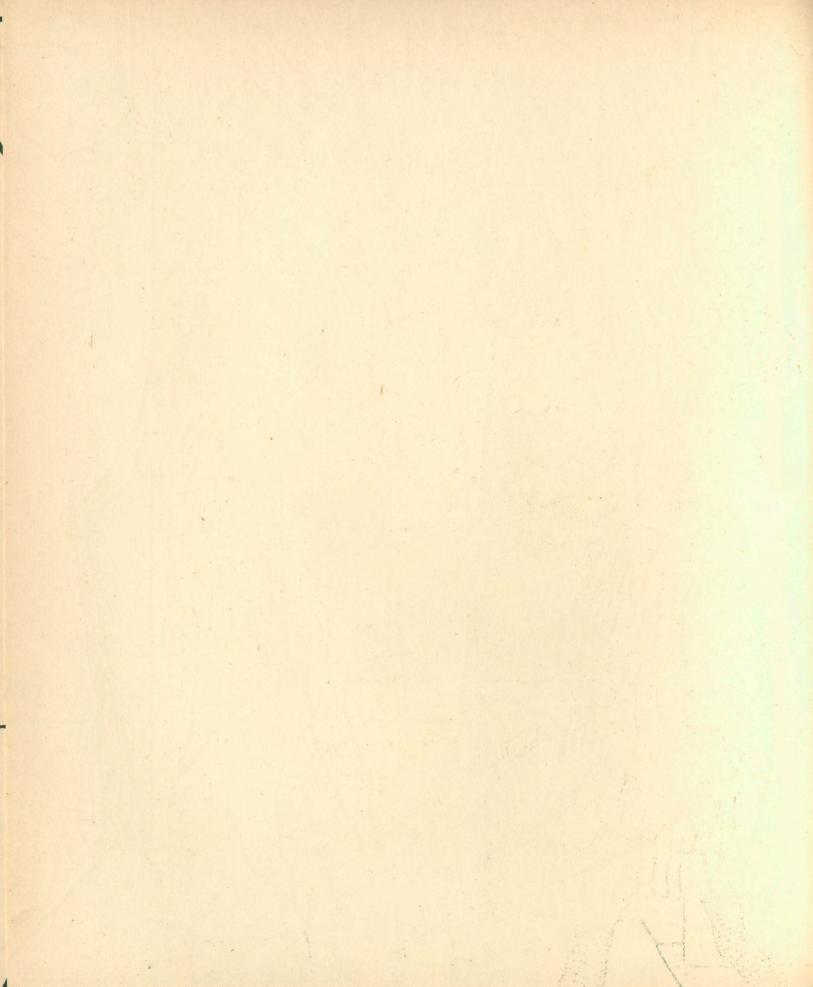










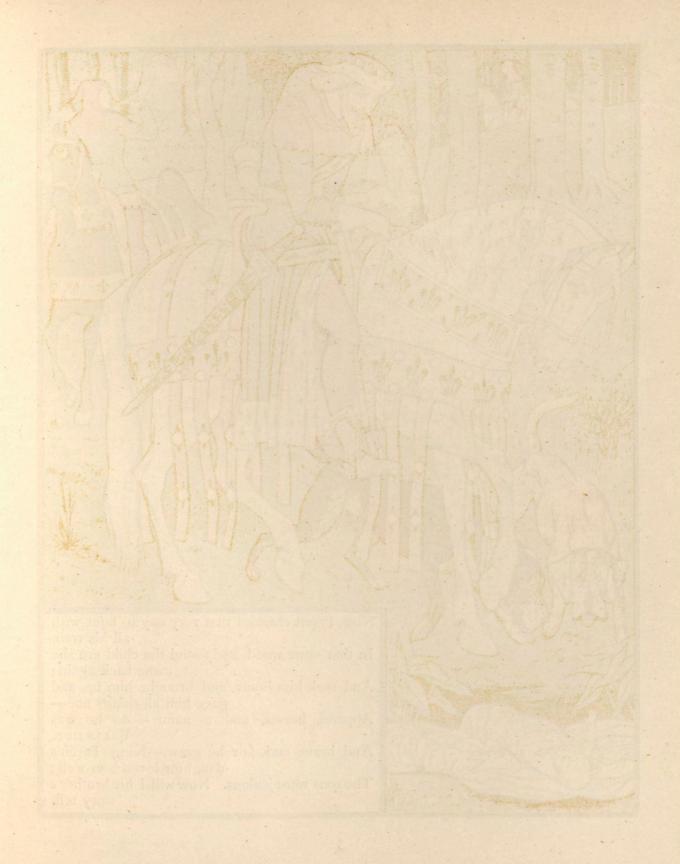


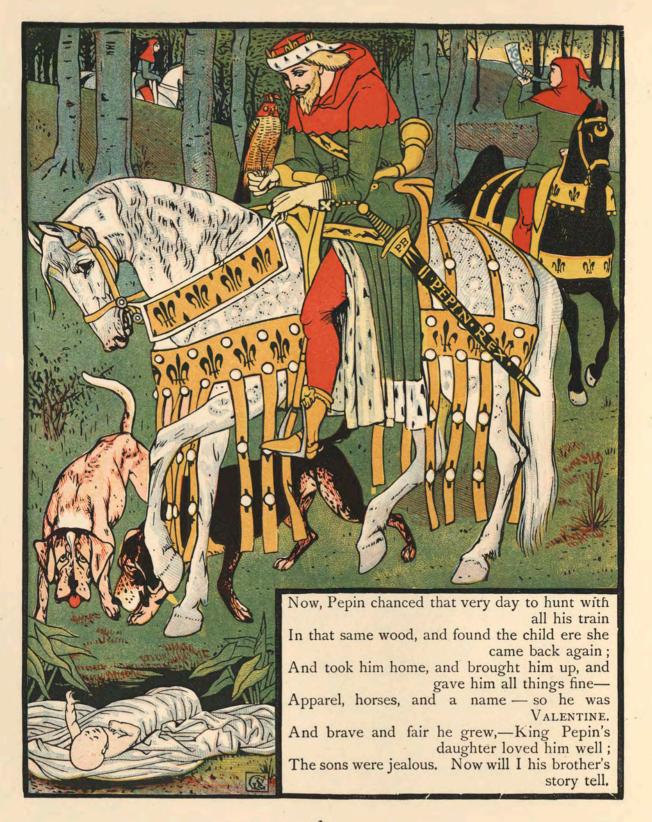


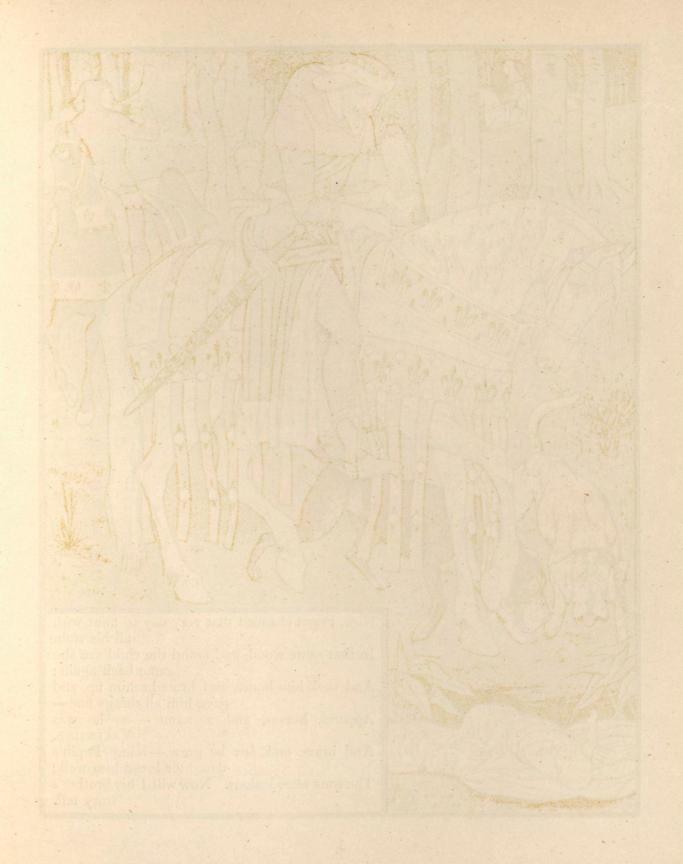


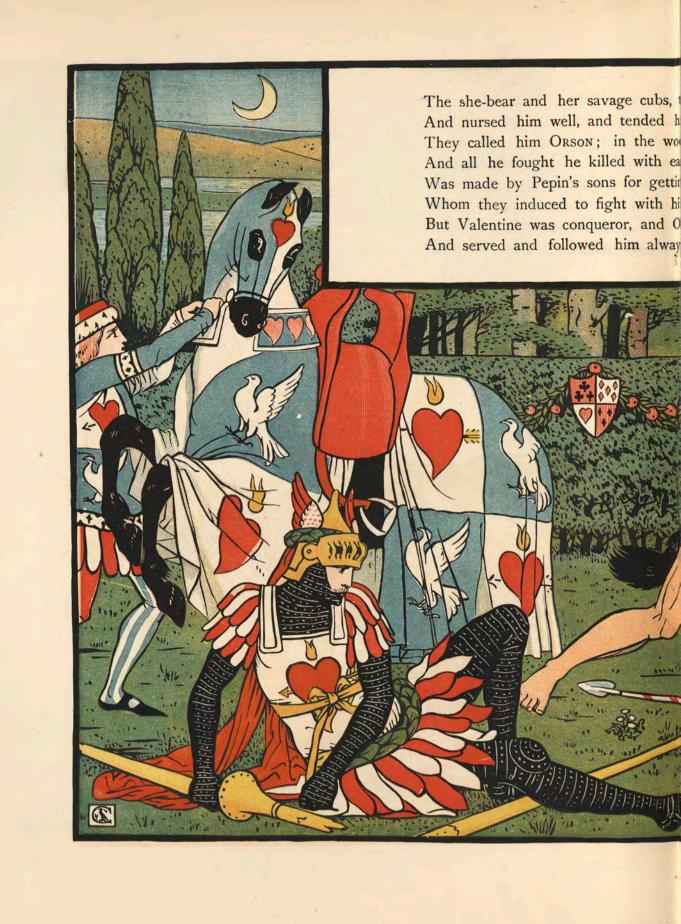






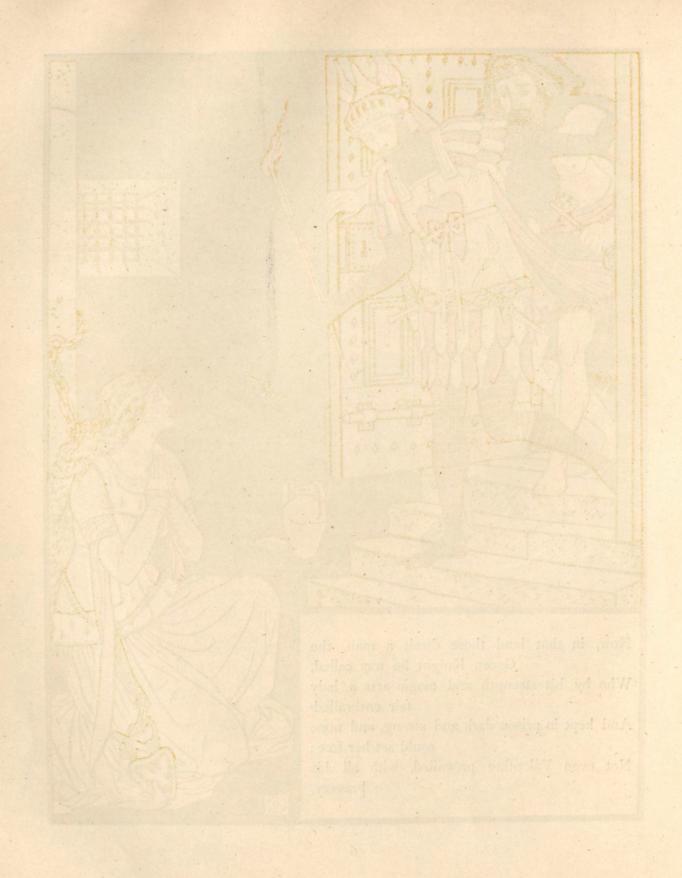


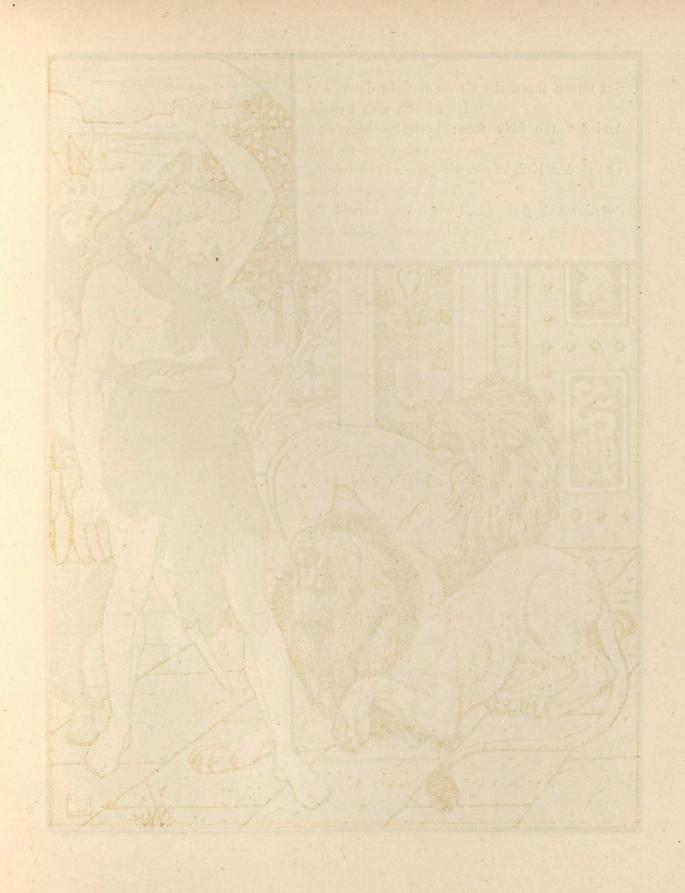




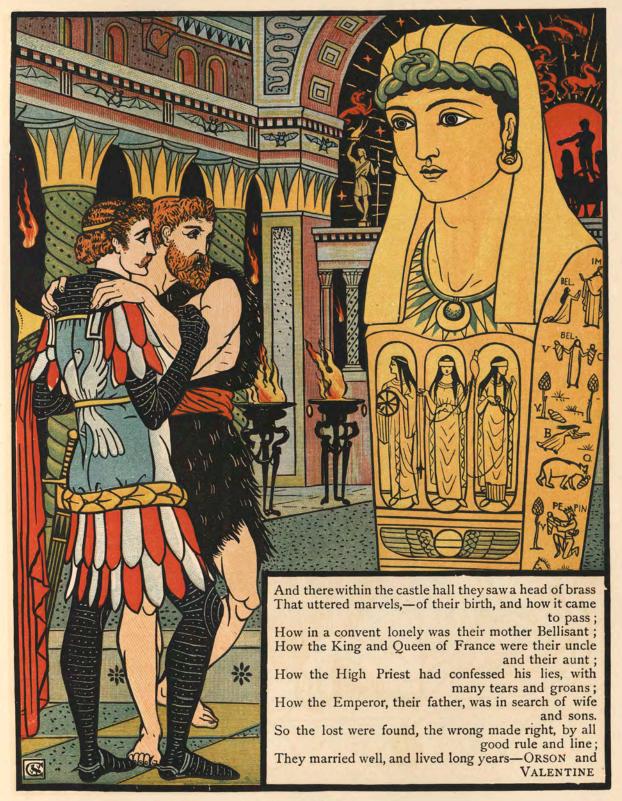


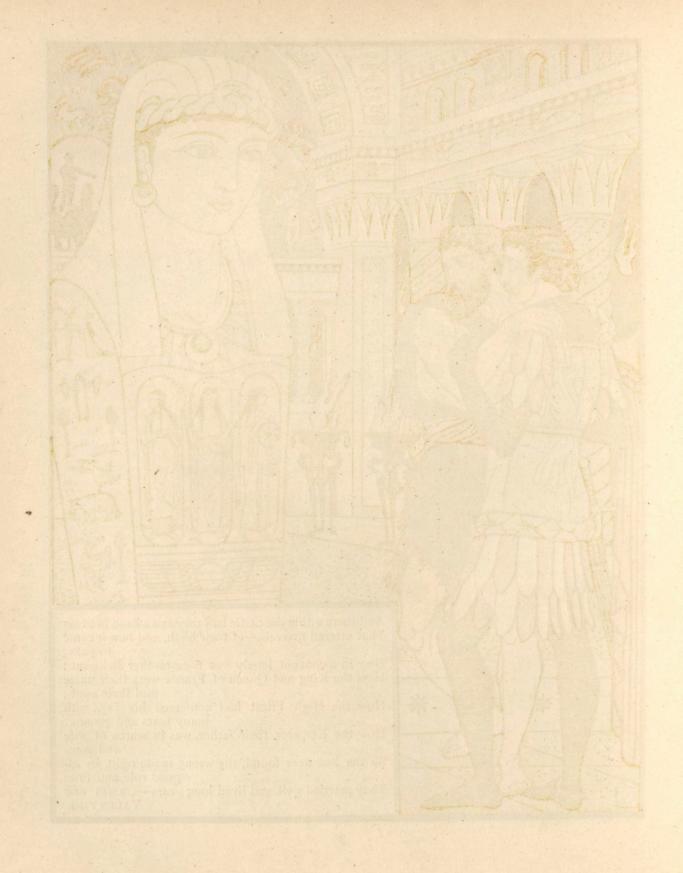


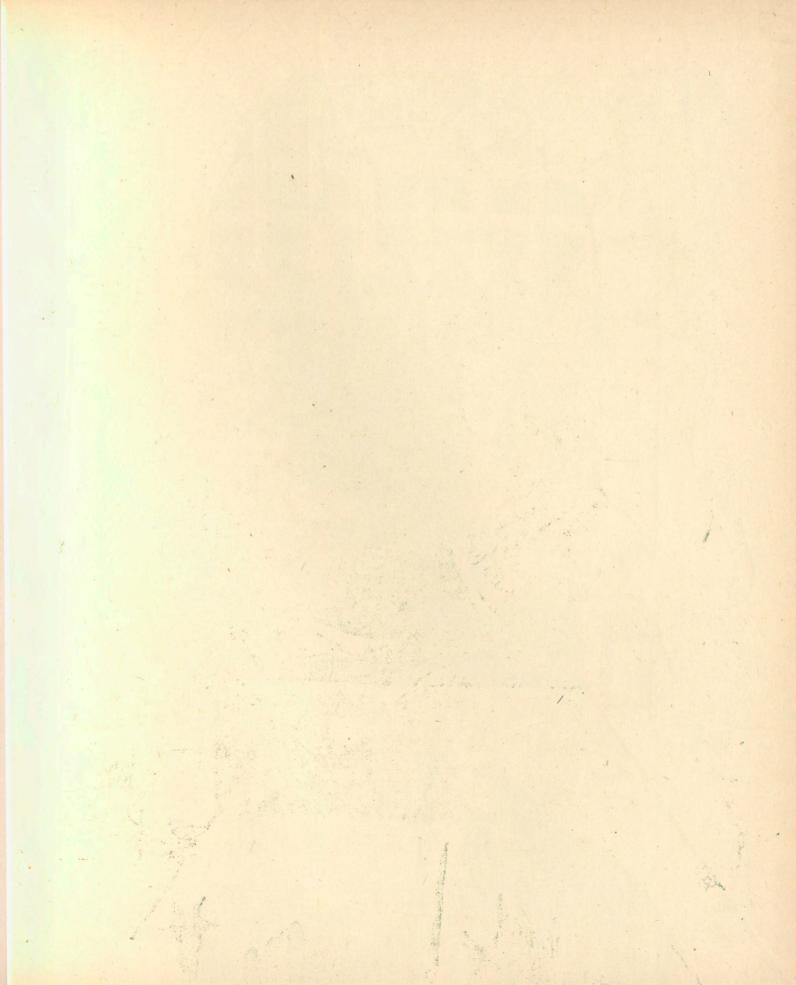


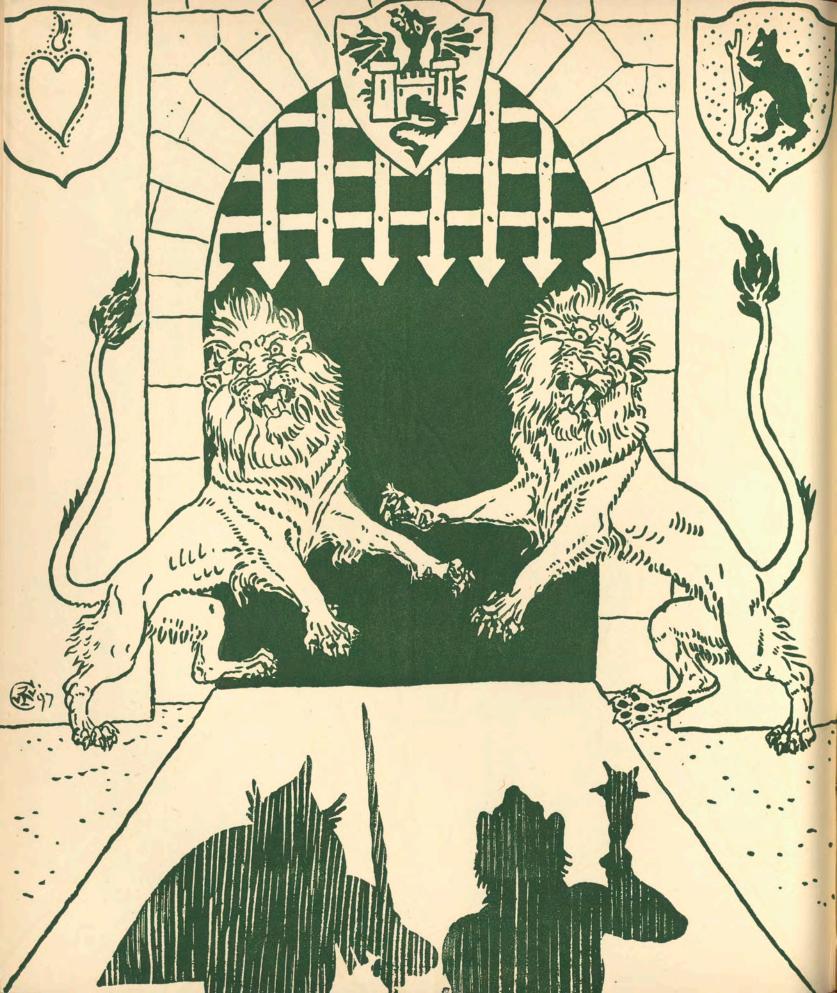


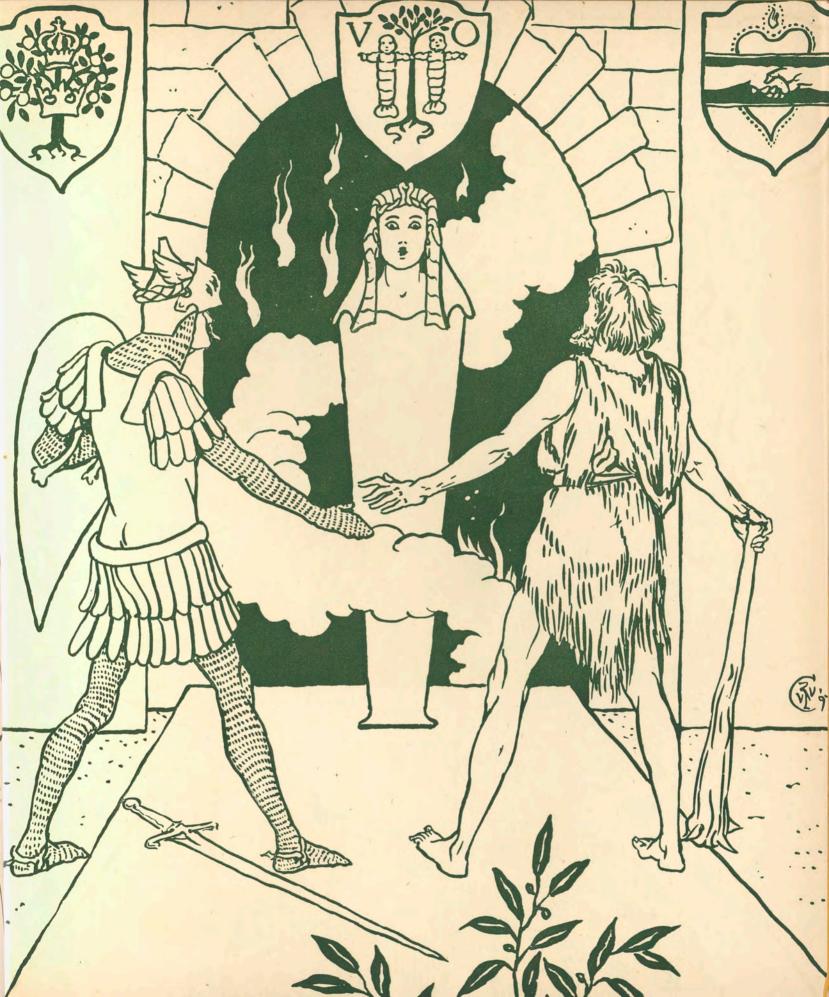


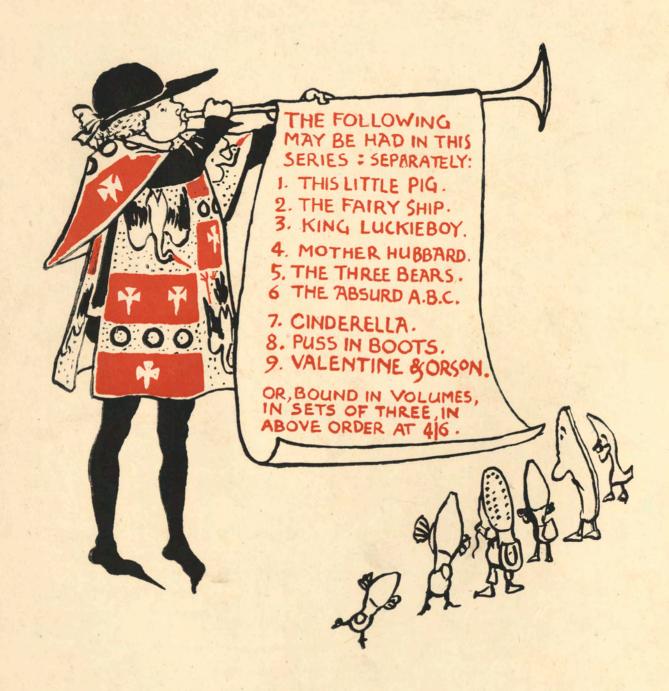




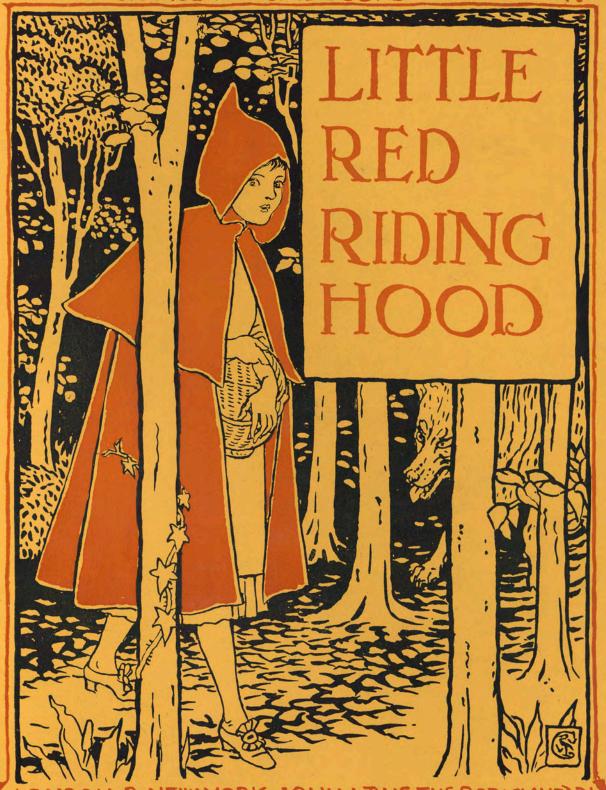








WALTER CRANES PICTURE BOOKS : RE-ISSUE .

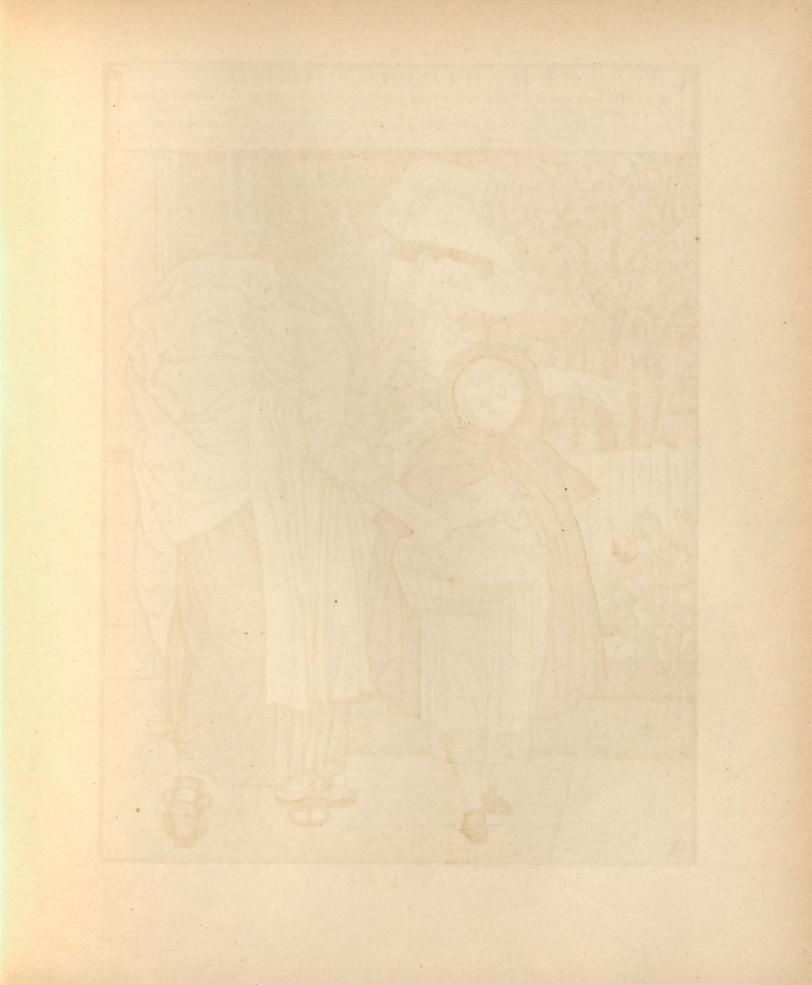


· LONDON · S. NEW · YORK: JOHN · L'ANE · THE · BODLEY · HEAD ·







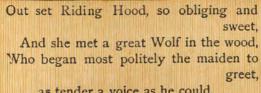


RED RIDING HOOD.

A LONG time ago, in a house near a wood, As most pretty histories go,
A nice little girl lived, called Red Riding Hood,
As some of us already know

One day said her mother, "Get ready, my dear,
"And take to your Granny some cakes,
"And a pot of fresh butter to soothe her and
"Ask after her pains and her aches" [cheer;

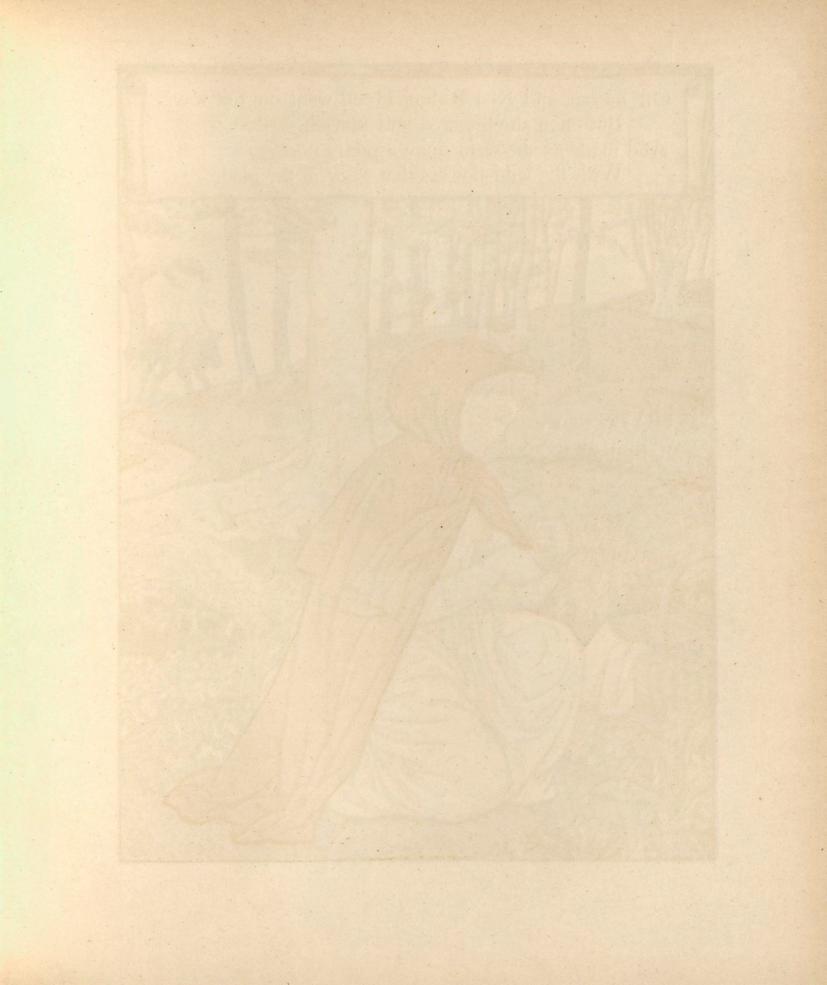




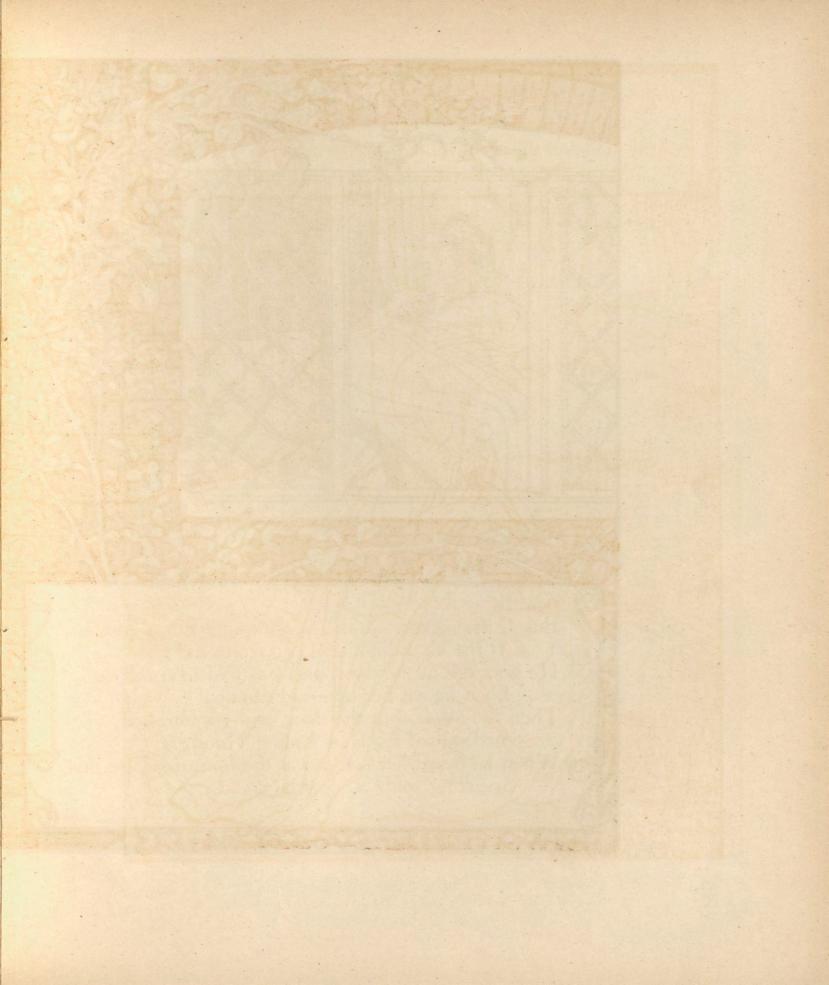
He asked to what house sho was going, and why;
Red Riding Hood answered him all:
He said, "Give my love to your Gran; I will try
"At my earliest leisure to call."

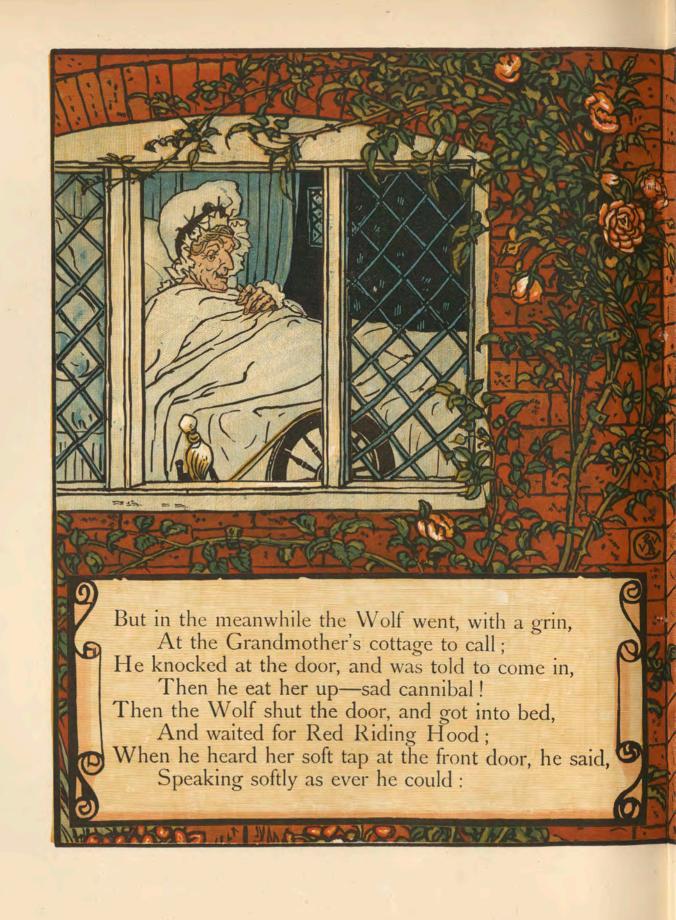


















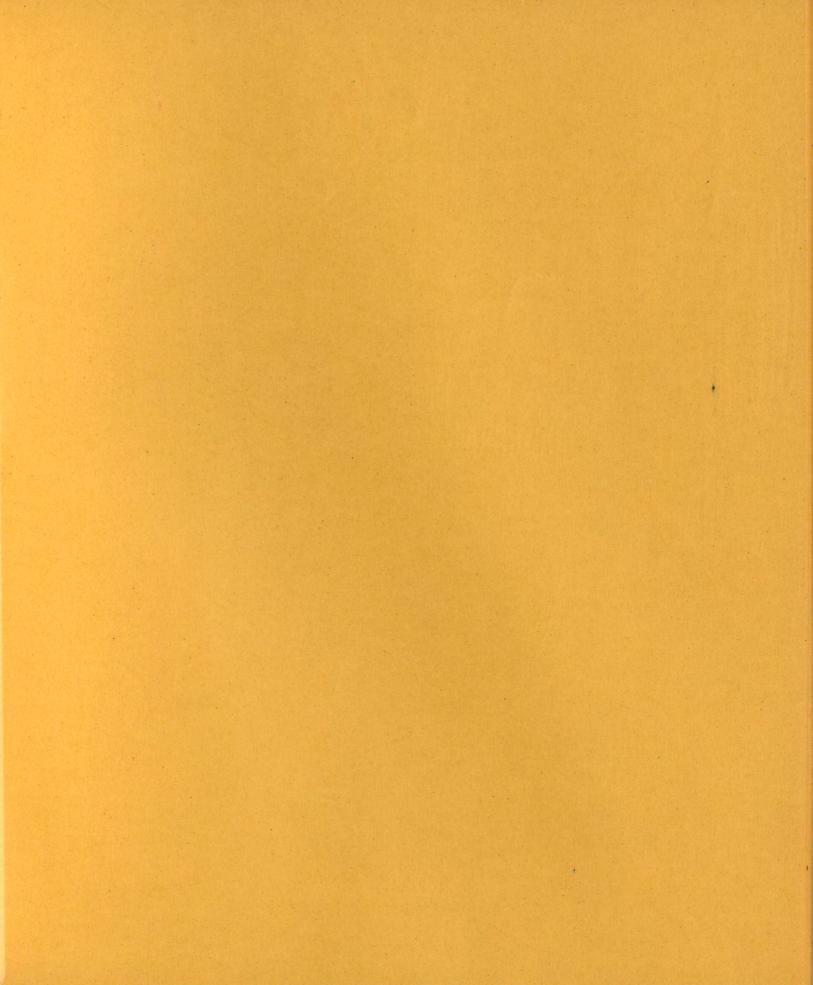


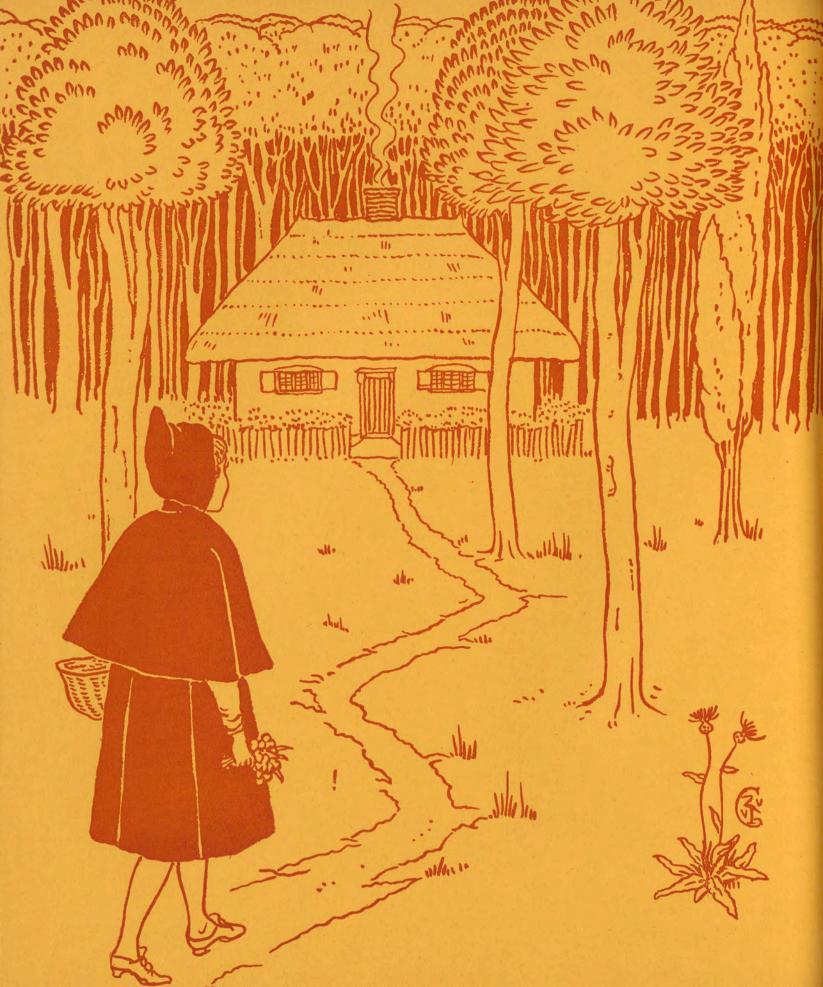














·WALTER · CRANE'S · PICTURE · BOOKS ·

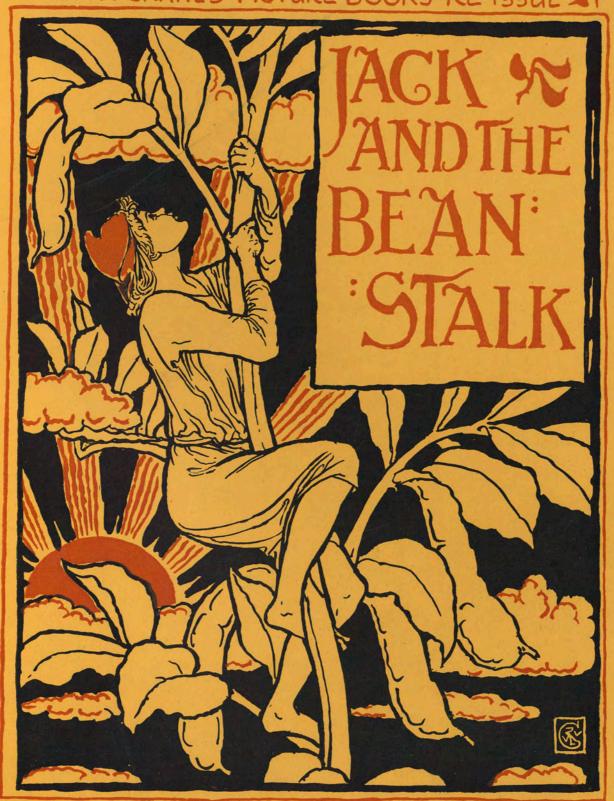
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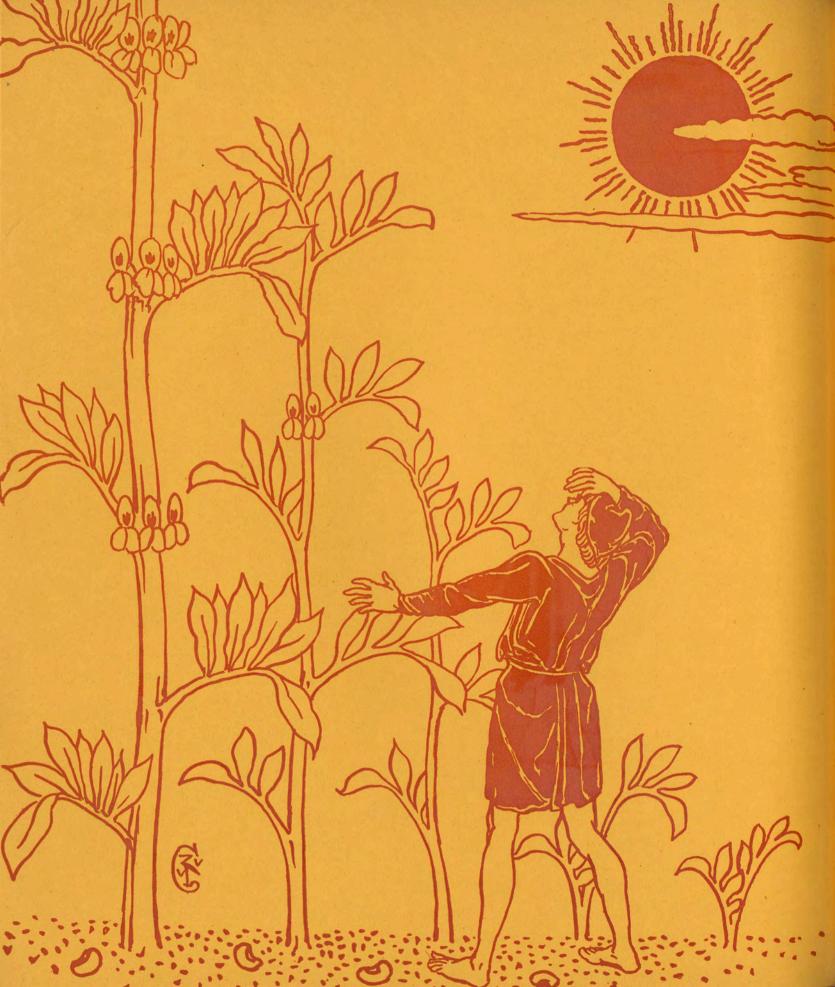
· LONDON. & NEW

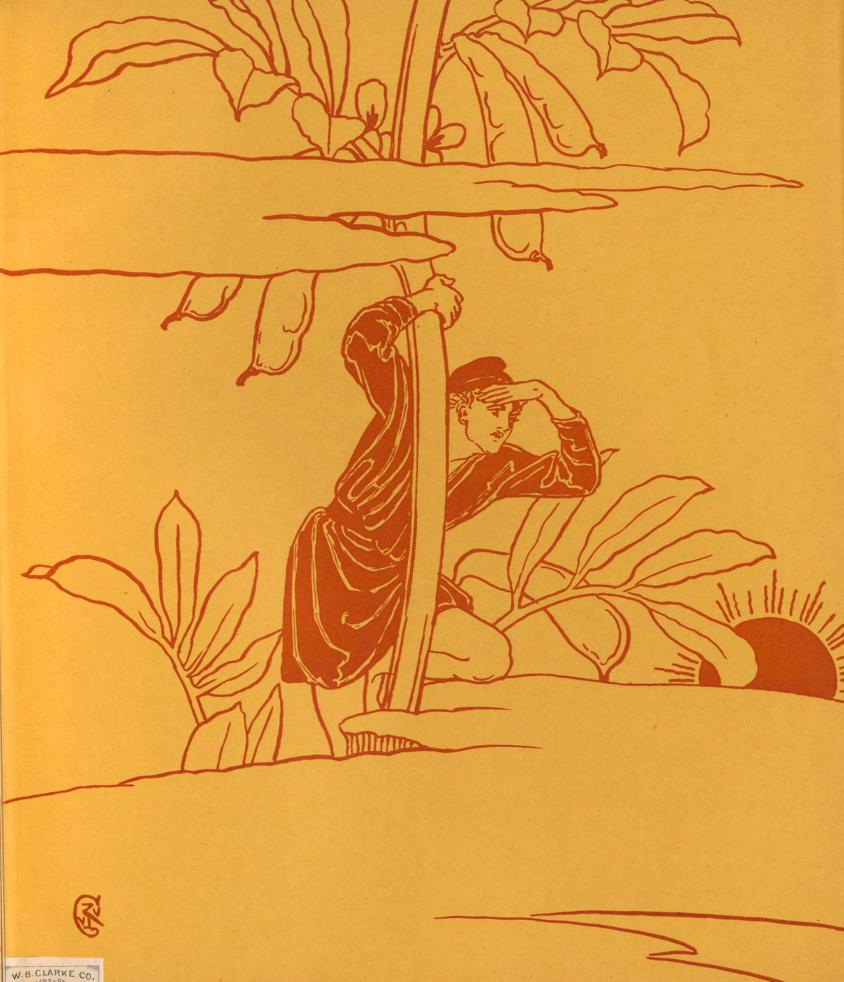
· JOHN · L'ANE · THE BODLEY HEAD · VIGO ST.

.WALTER · CRANE'S · PICTURE · BOOKS · RE-155UE · AT

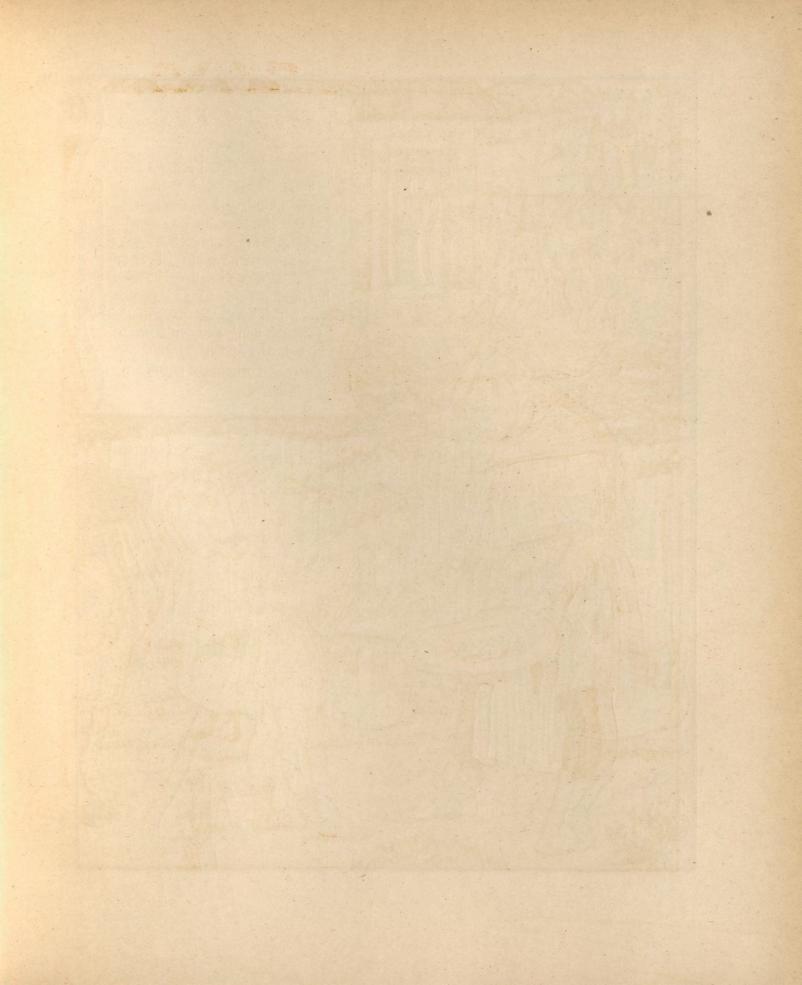


·LONDON·& NEW YORK: JOHN·L'ANE THE BODLEY HEAD



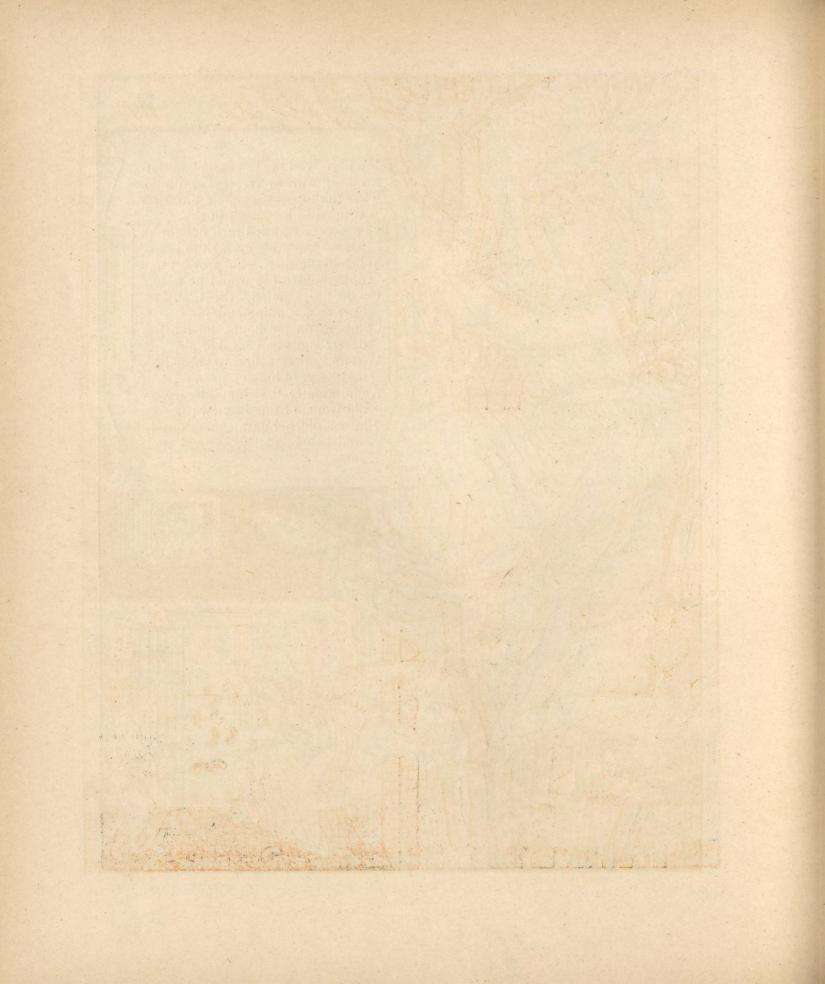


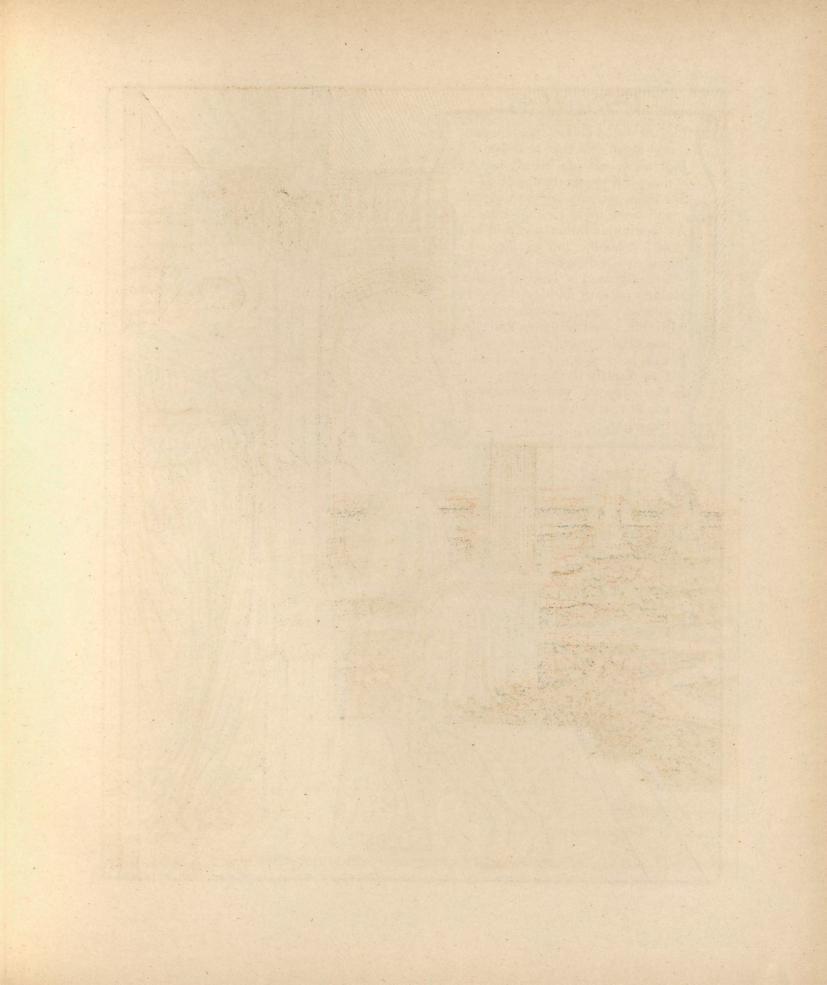


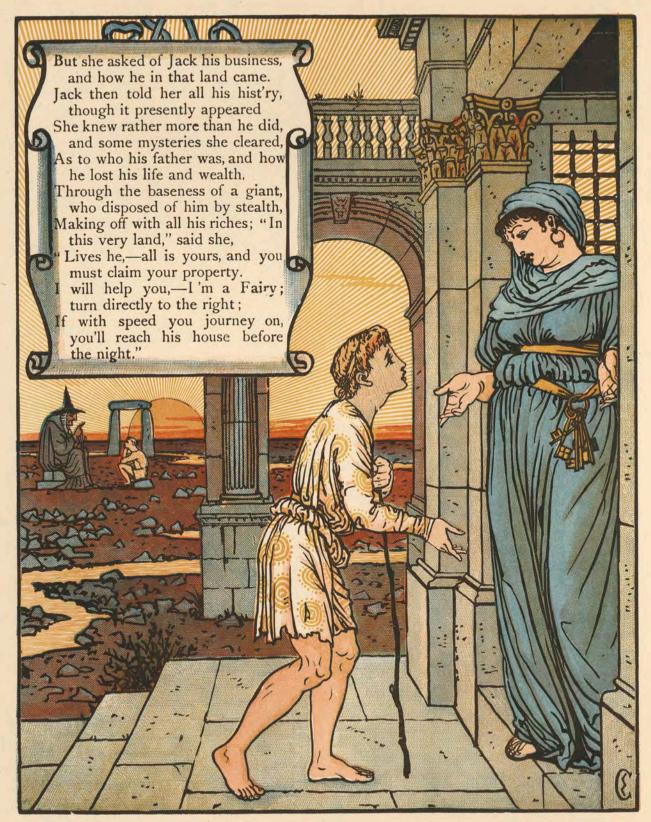














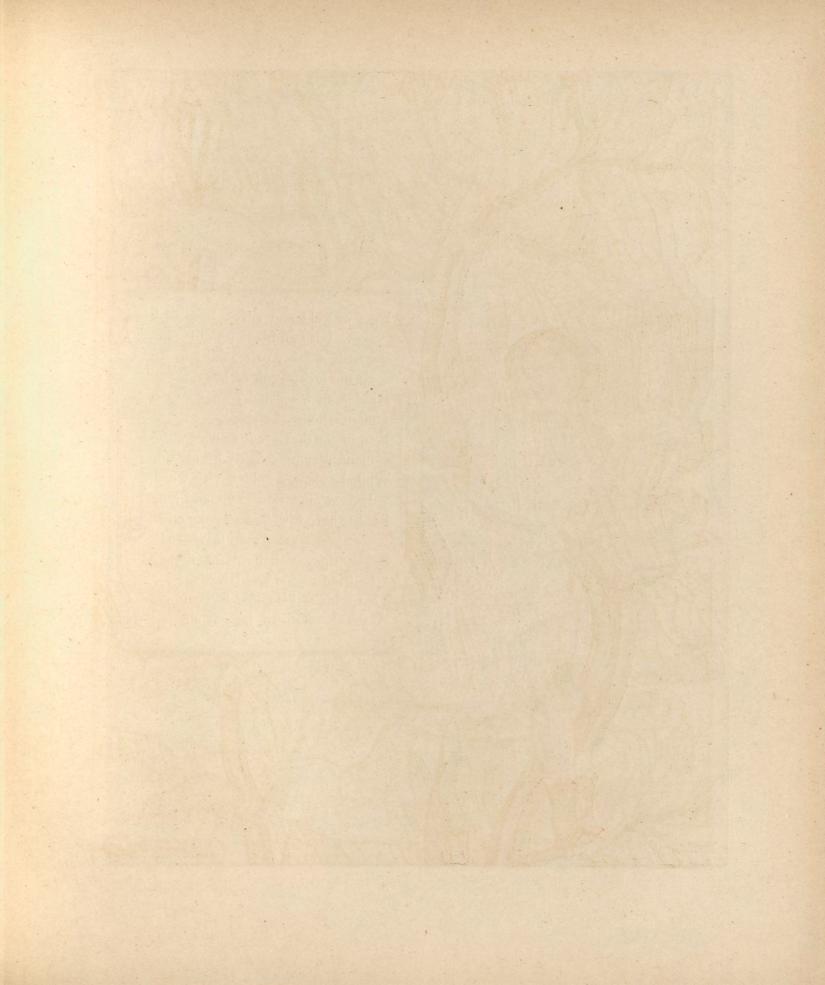






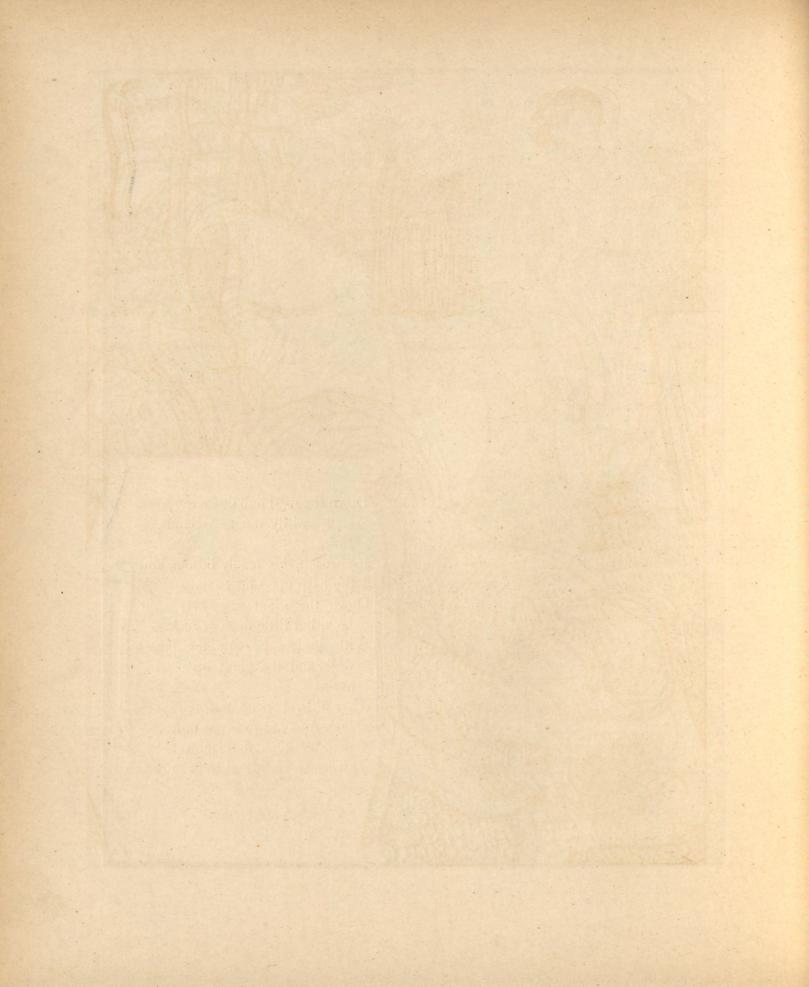




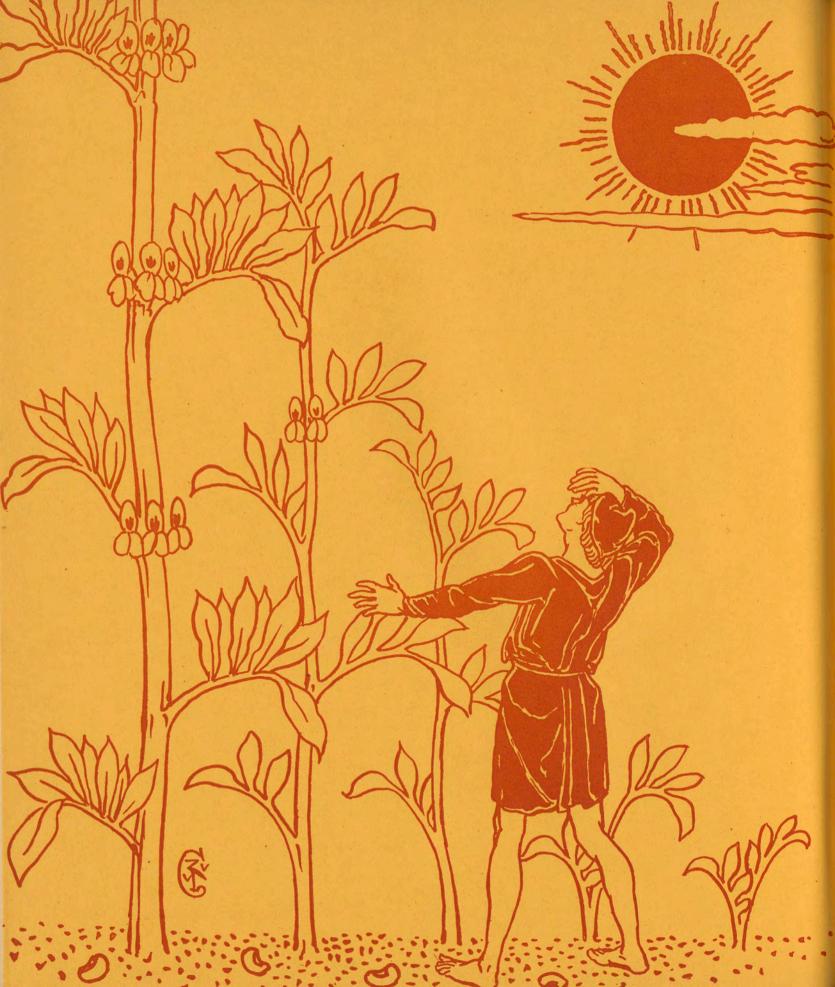


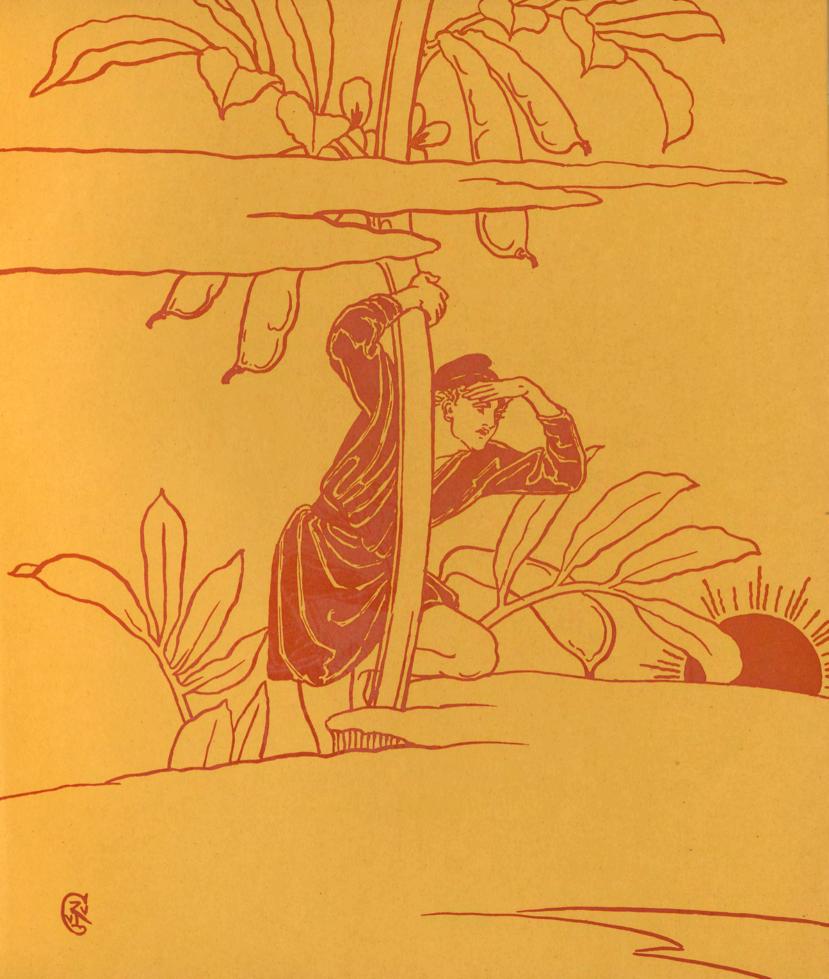






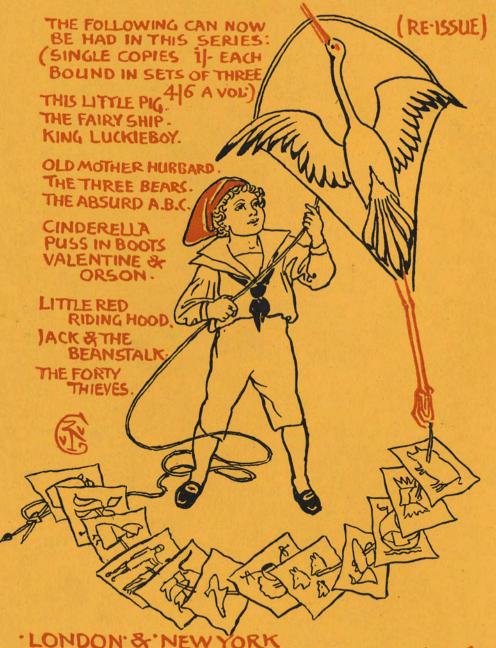




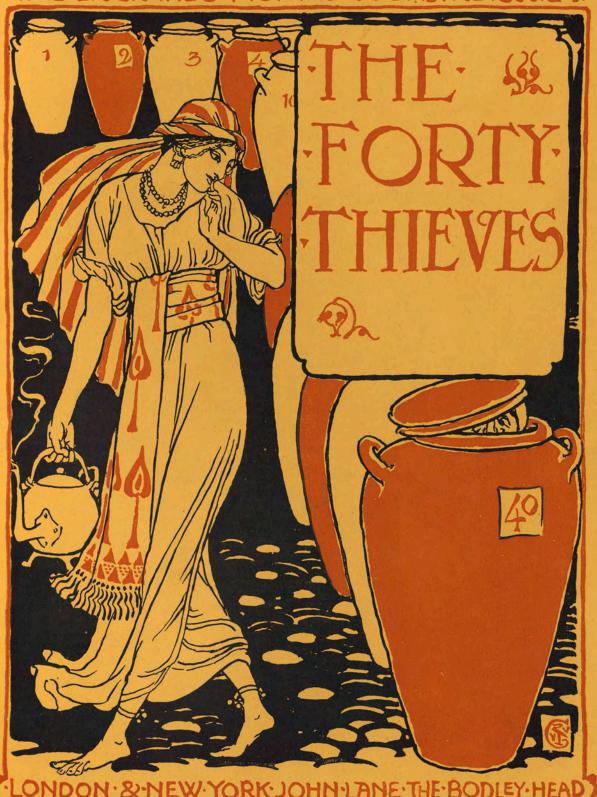


·WALTER·CRANE'S · PICTURE · BOOKS ·

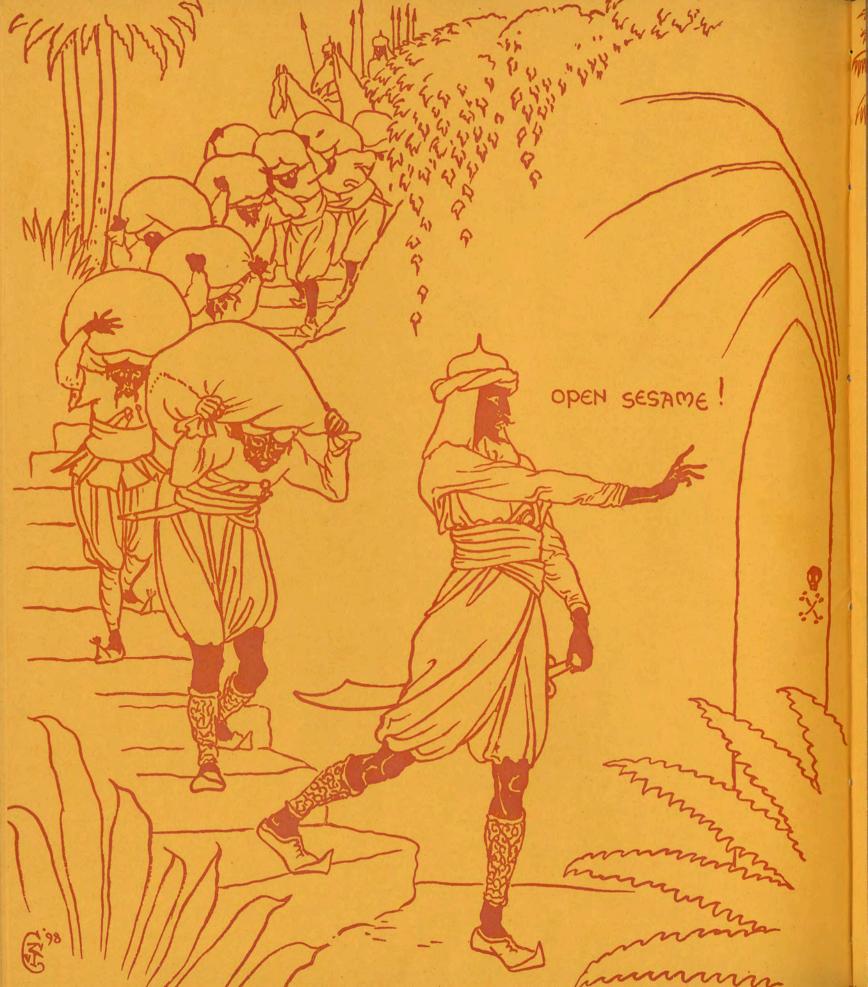
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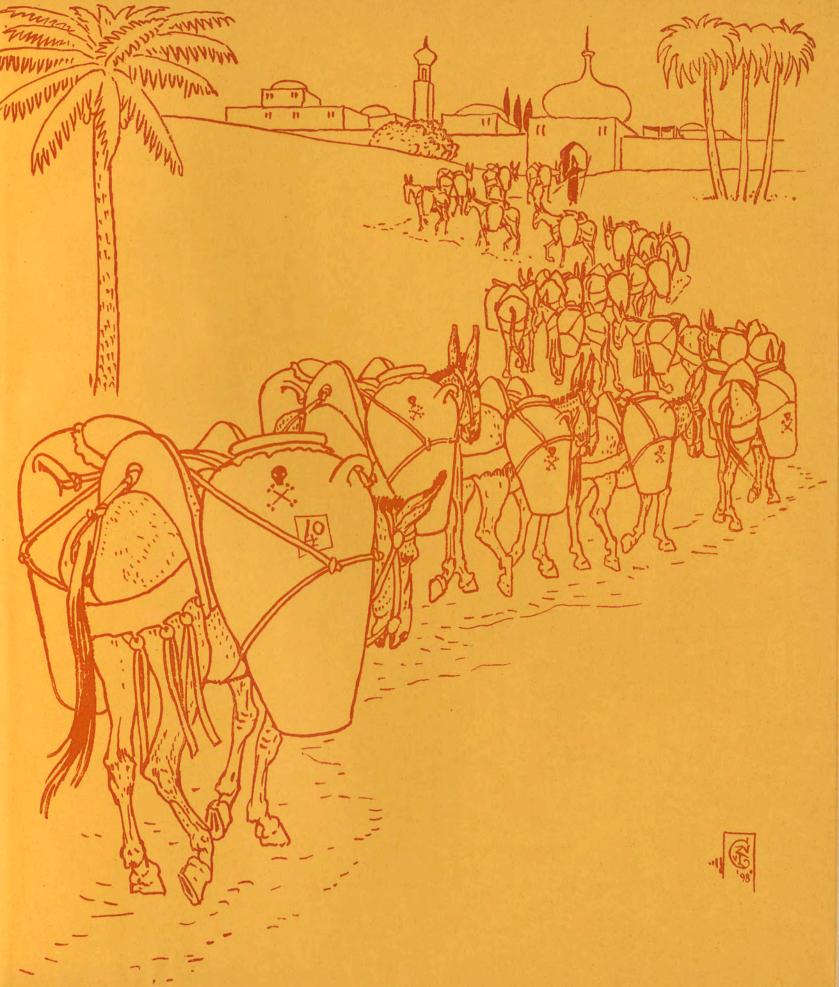


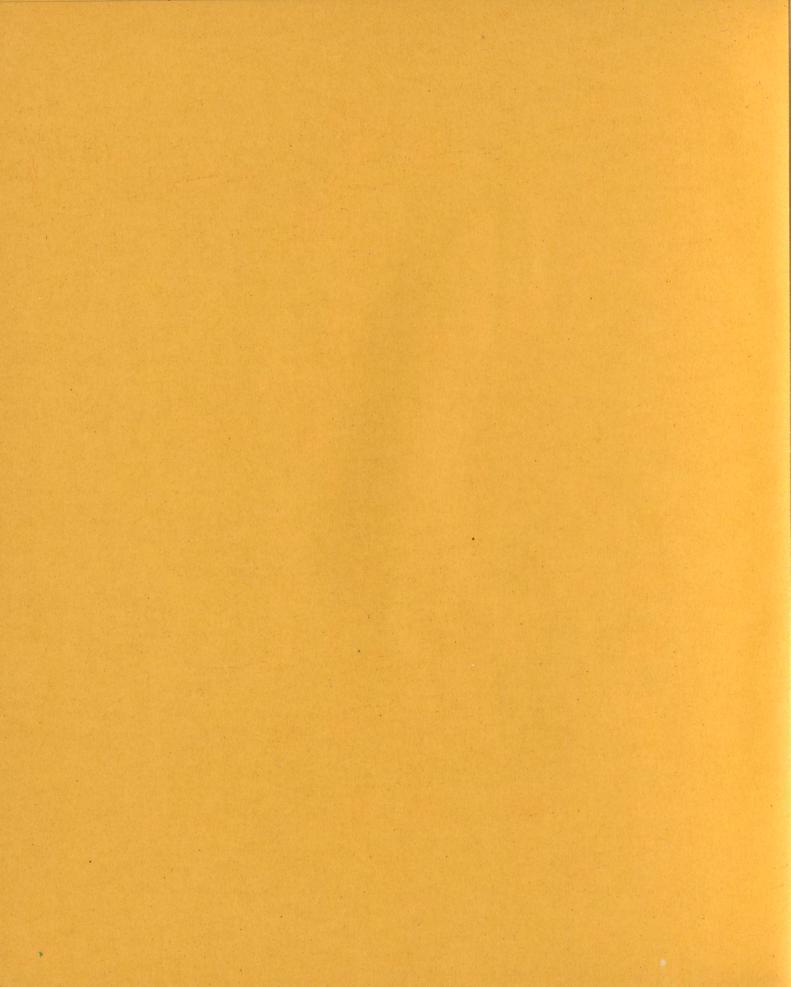
· LONDON'S NEW YORK · JOHN · L'ANE · THE BODLEY HEAD · VIGO ST. ·WALTER CRANE'S · PICTURE · BOOKS : RE-159UE *

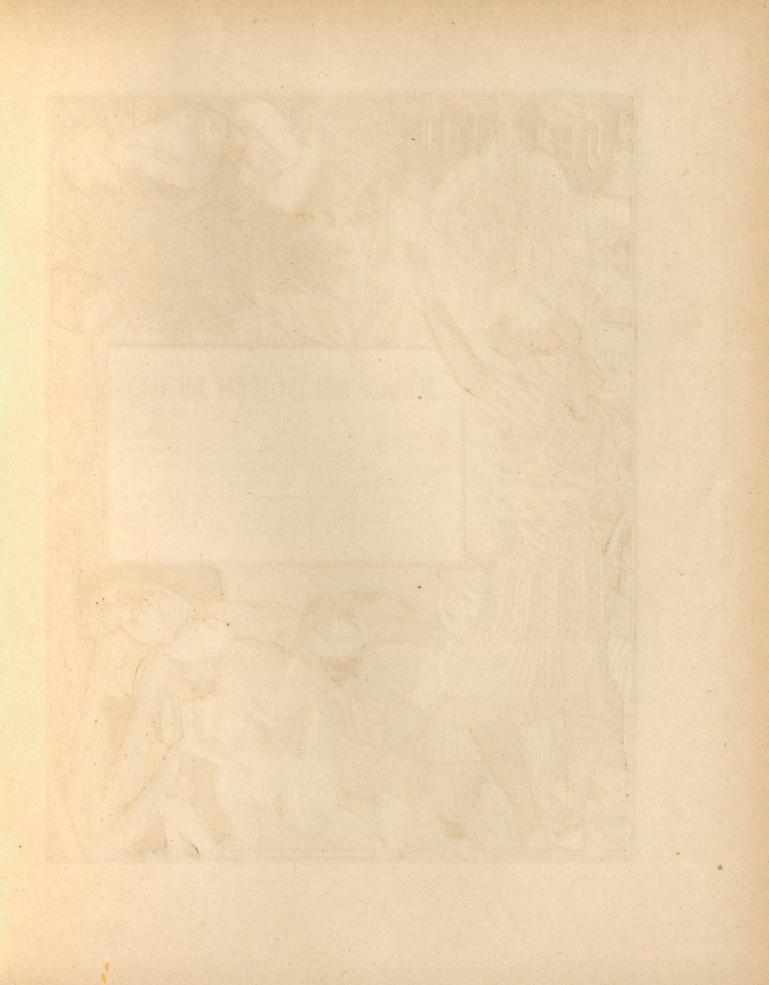


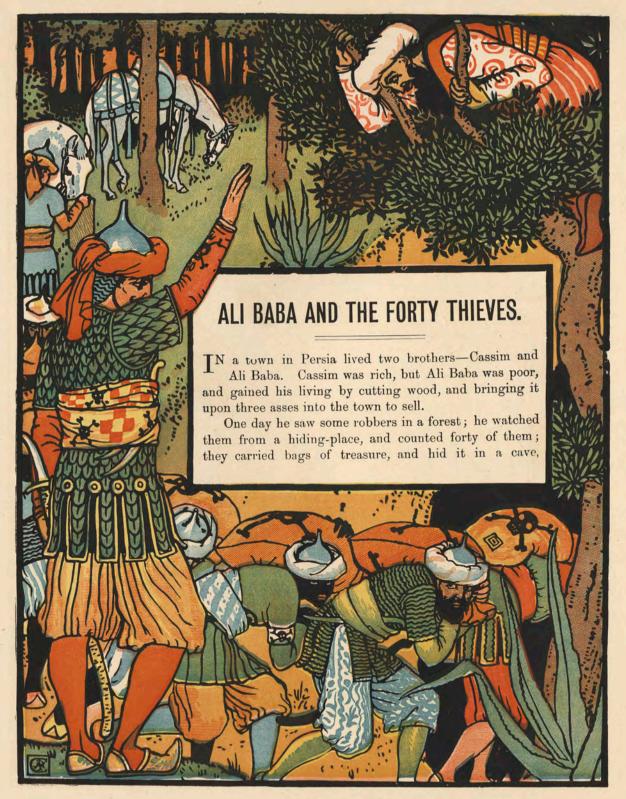
& NEW YORK JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD



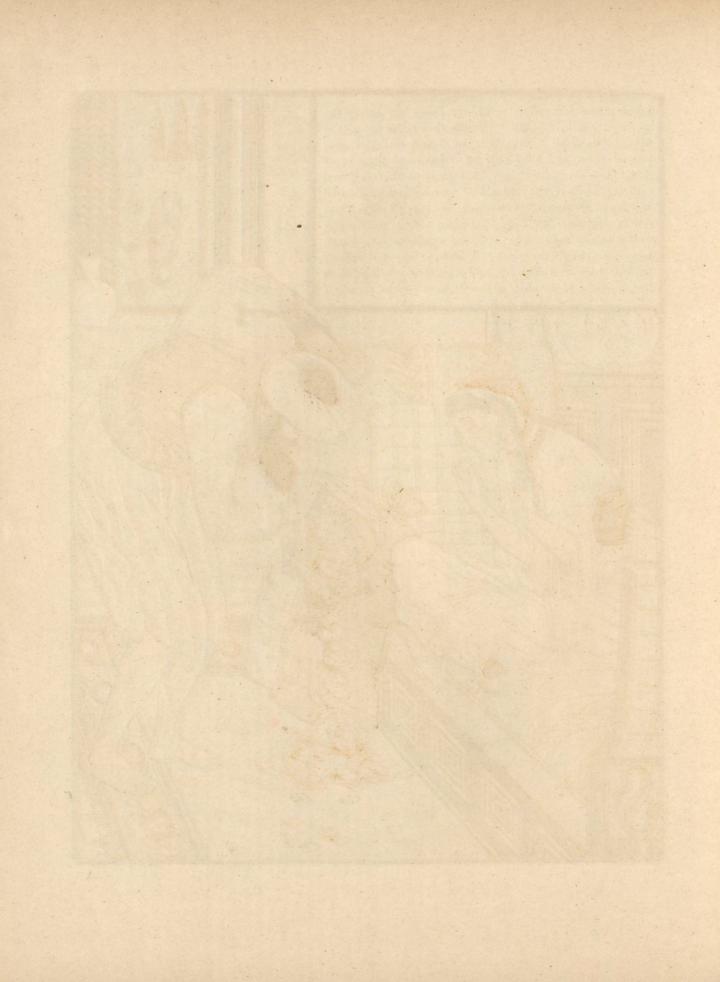


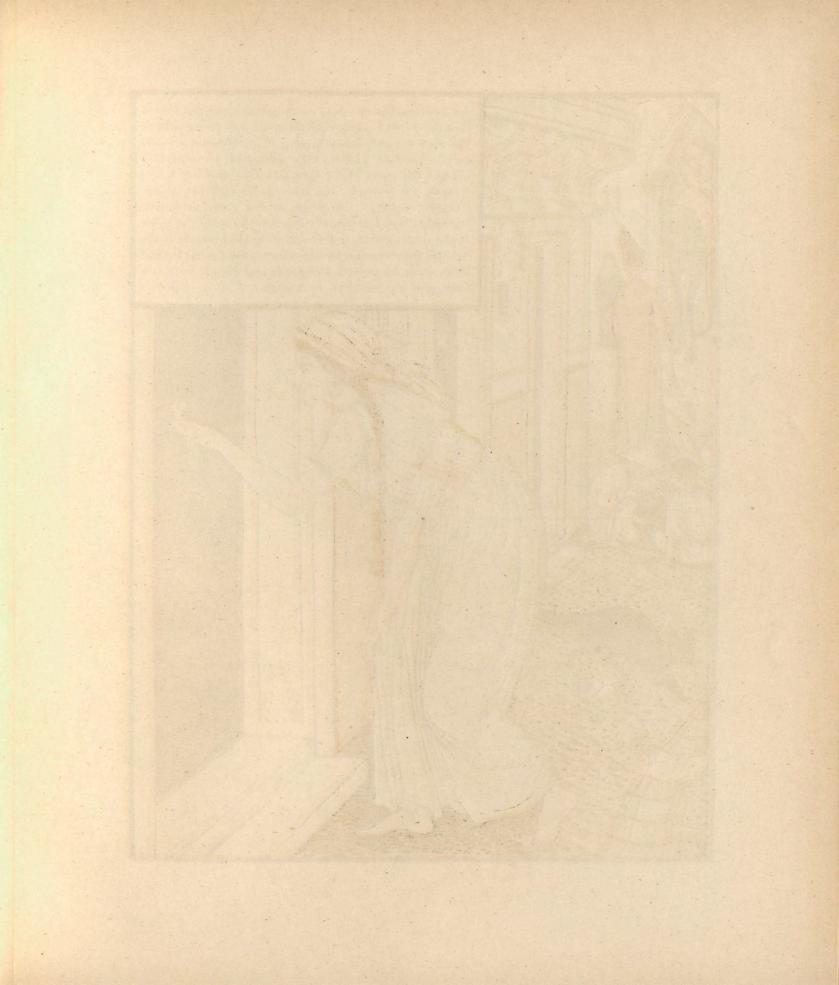






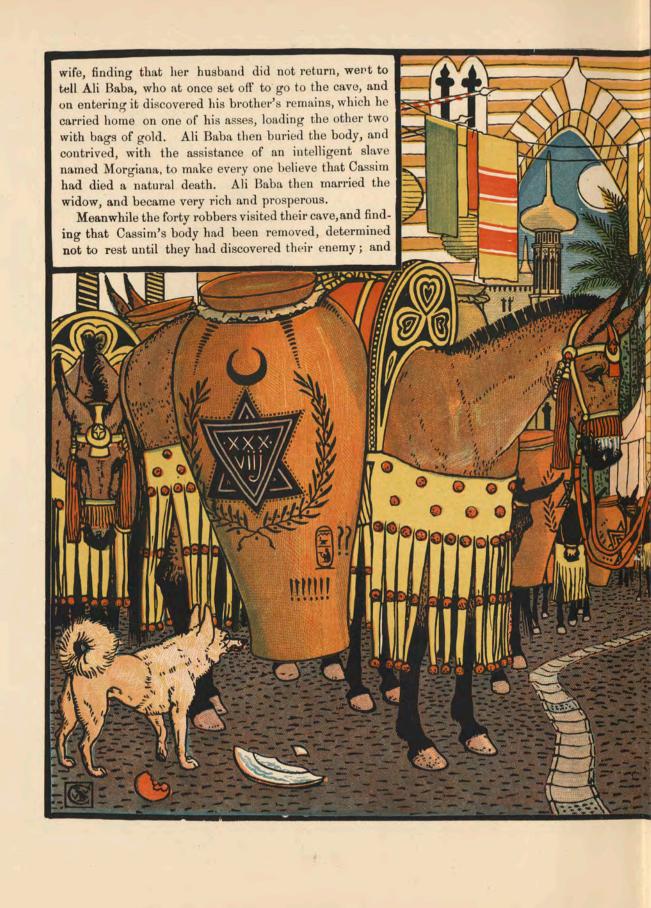


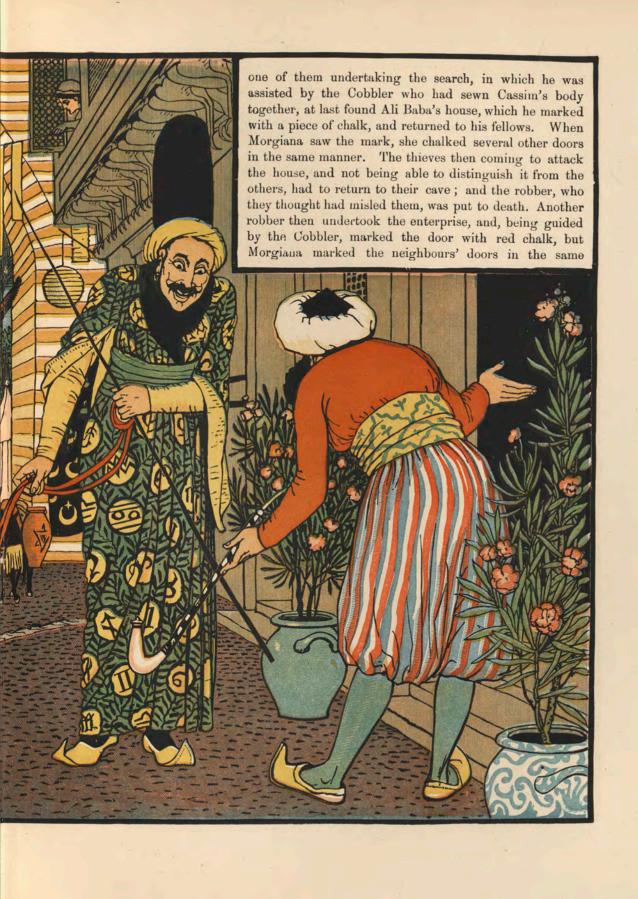


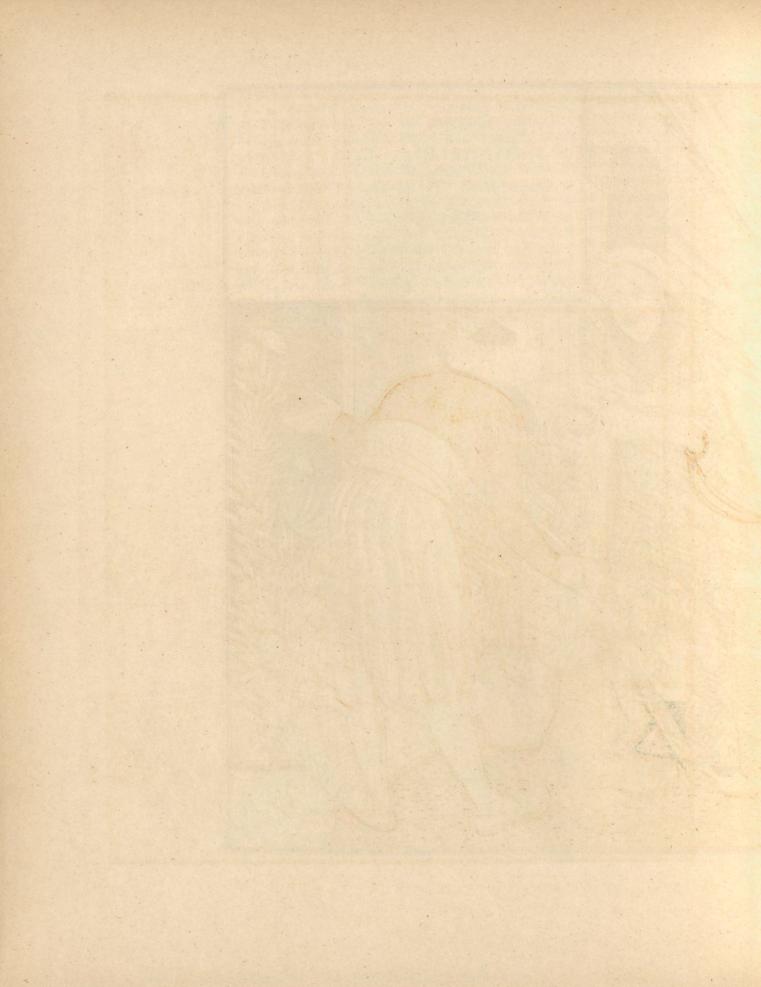


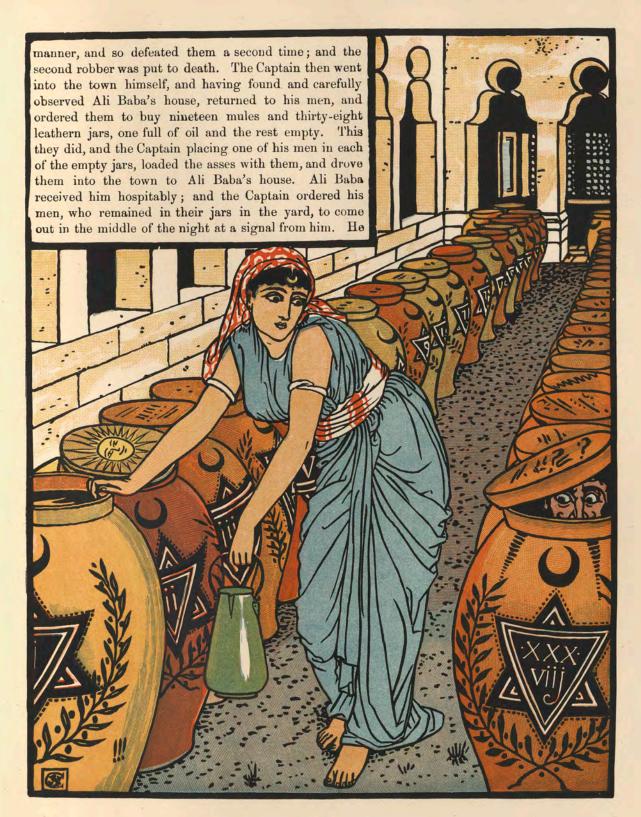


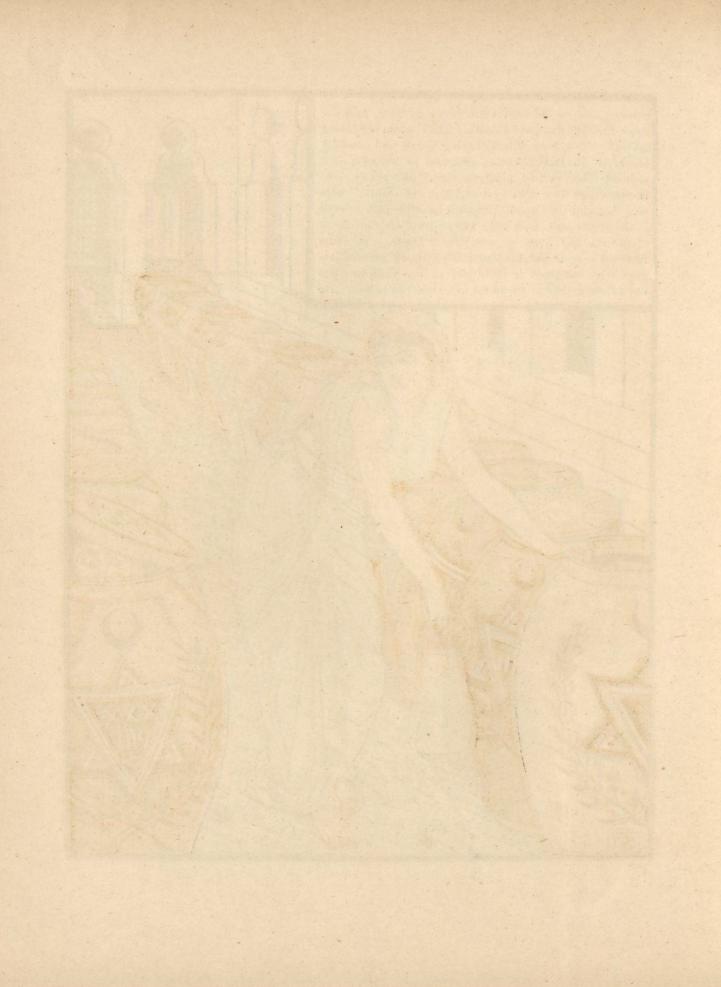


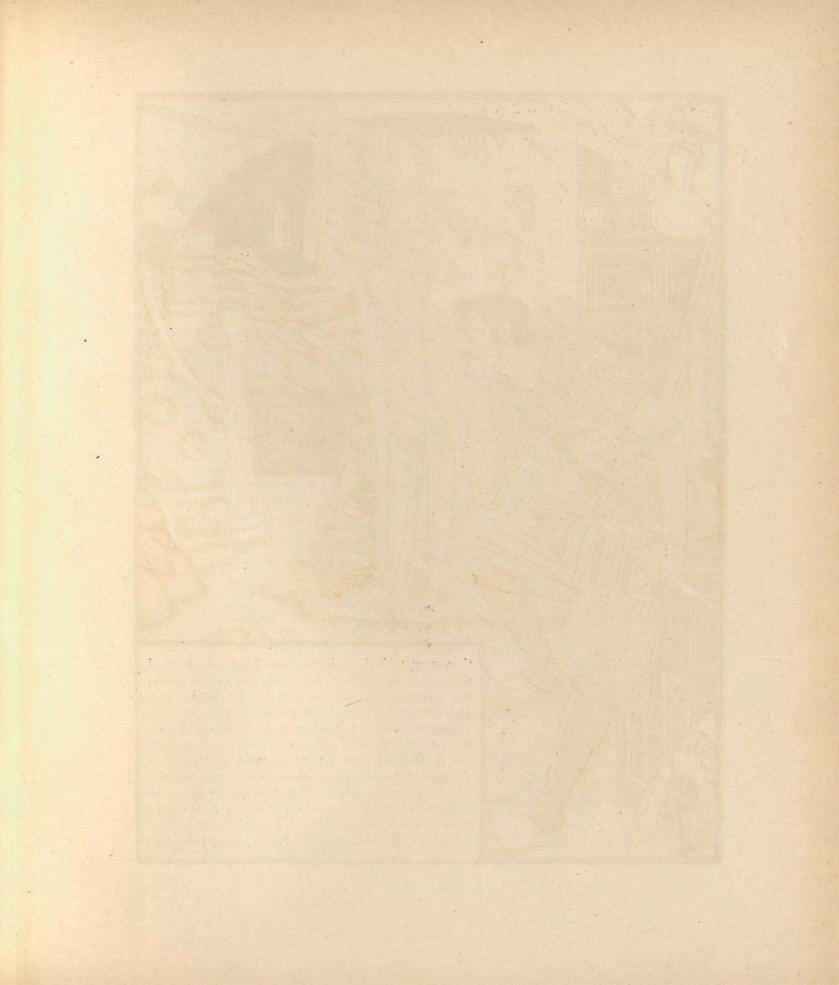










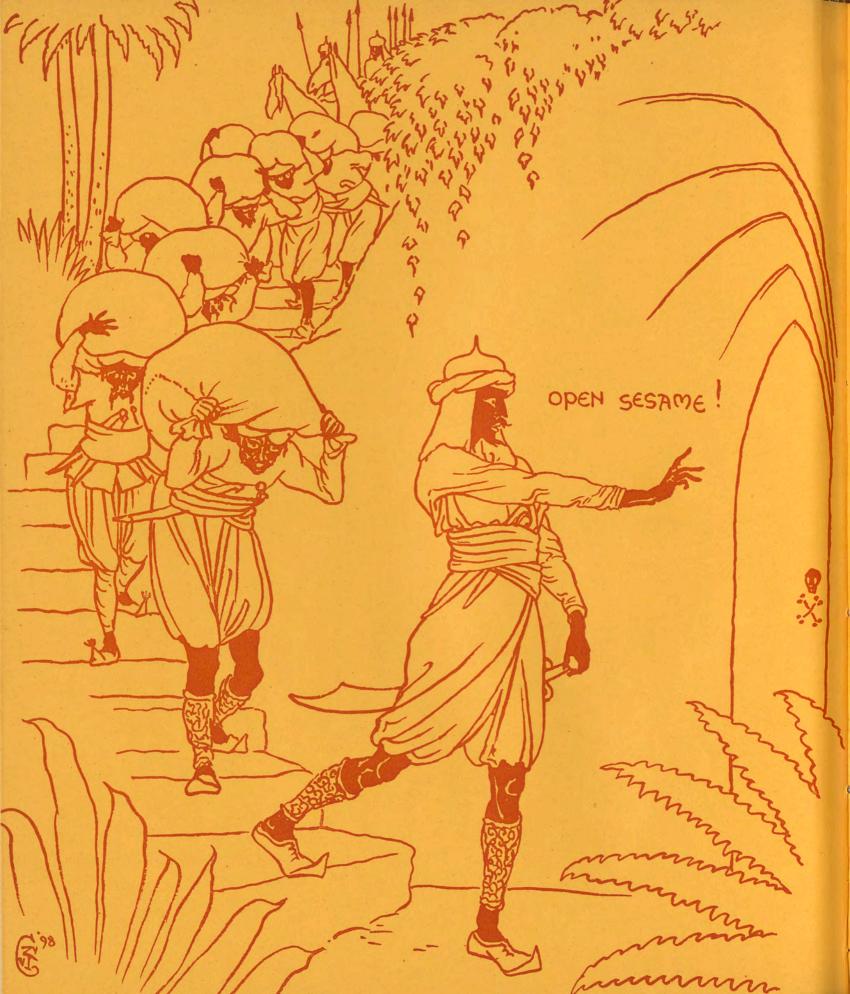


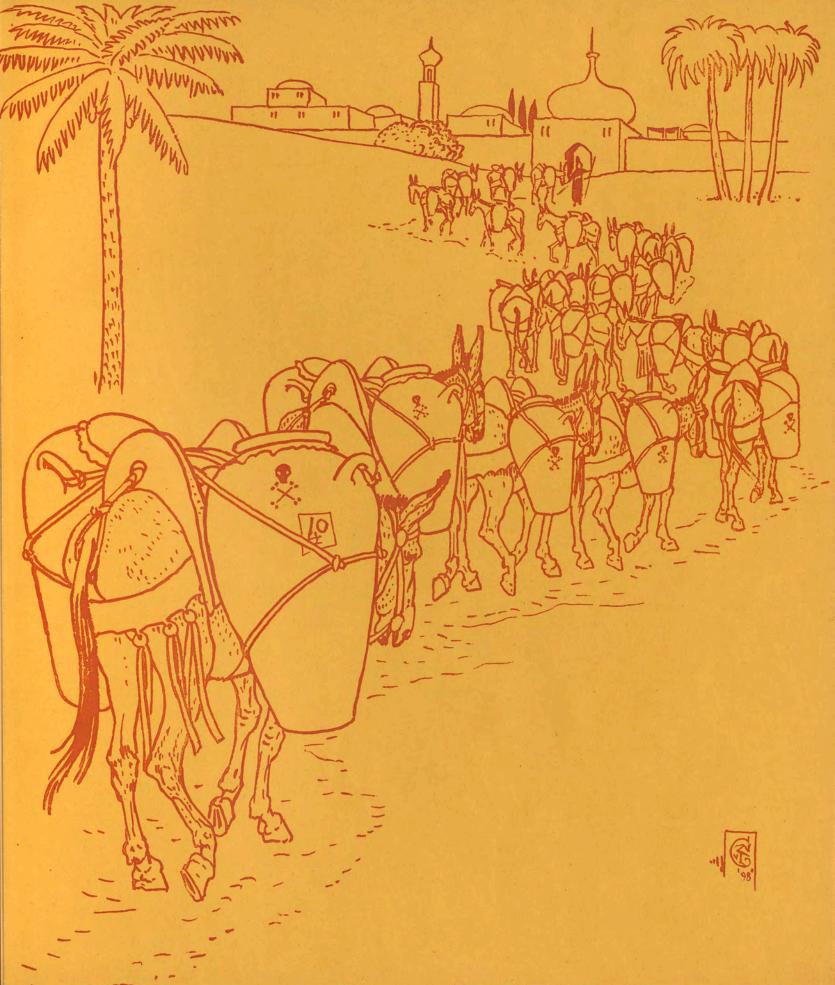






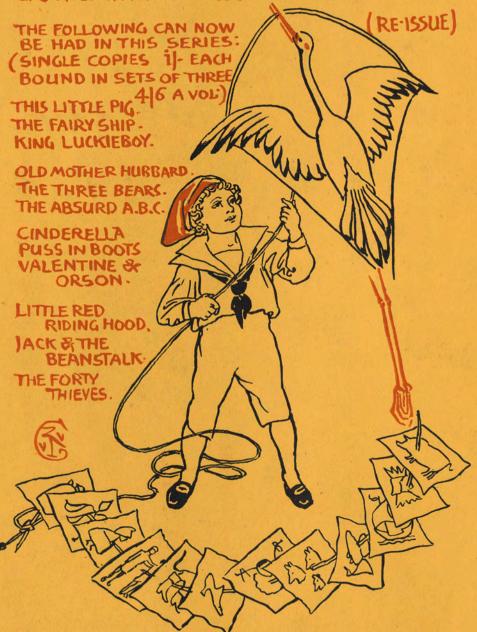






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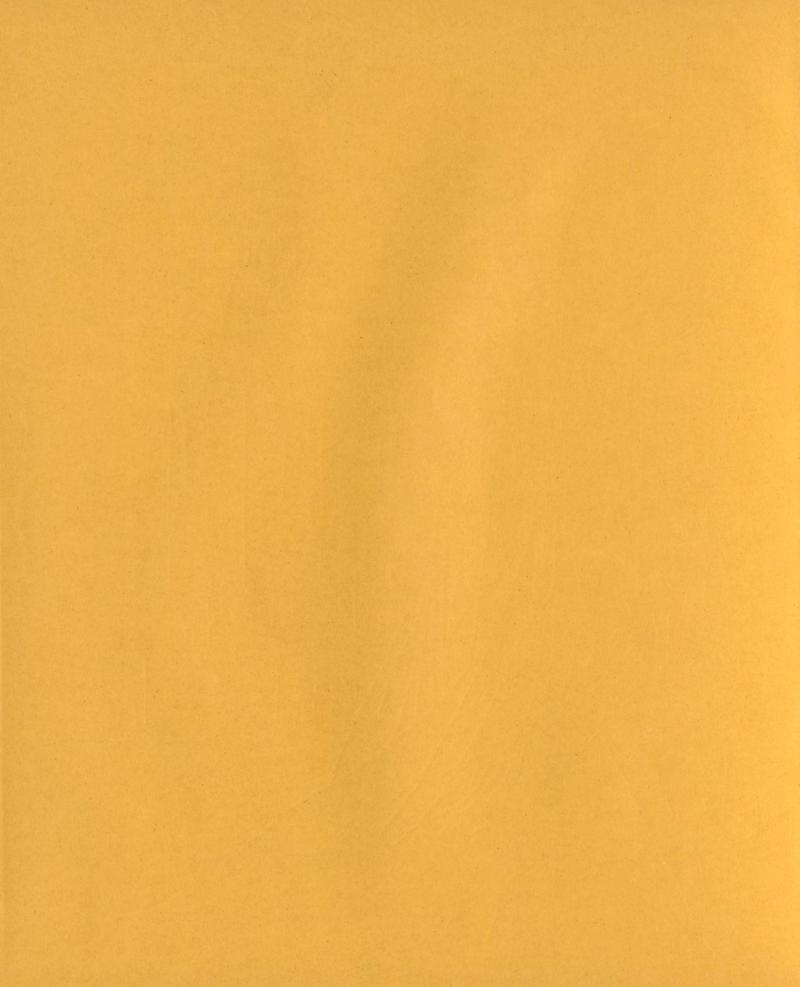


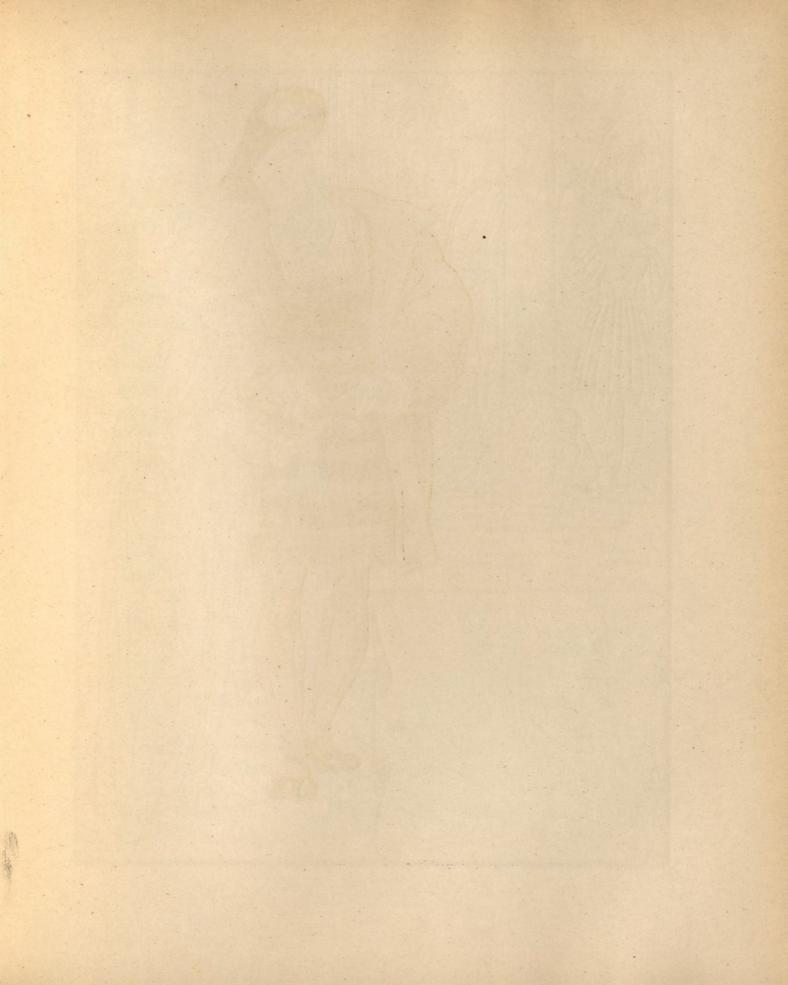
· LONDON & NEW YORK · JOHN · L'ANE · THE BODLEY HEAD · VIGO ST.





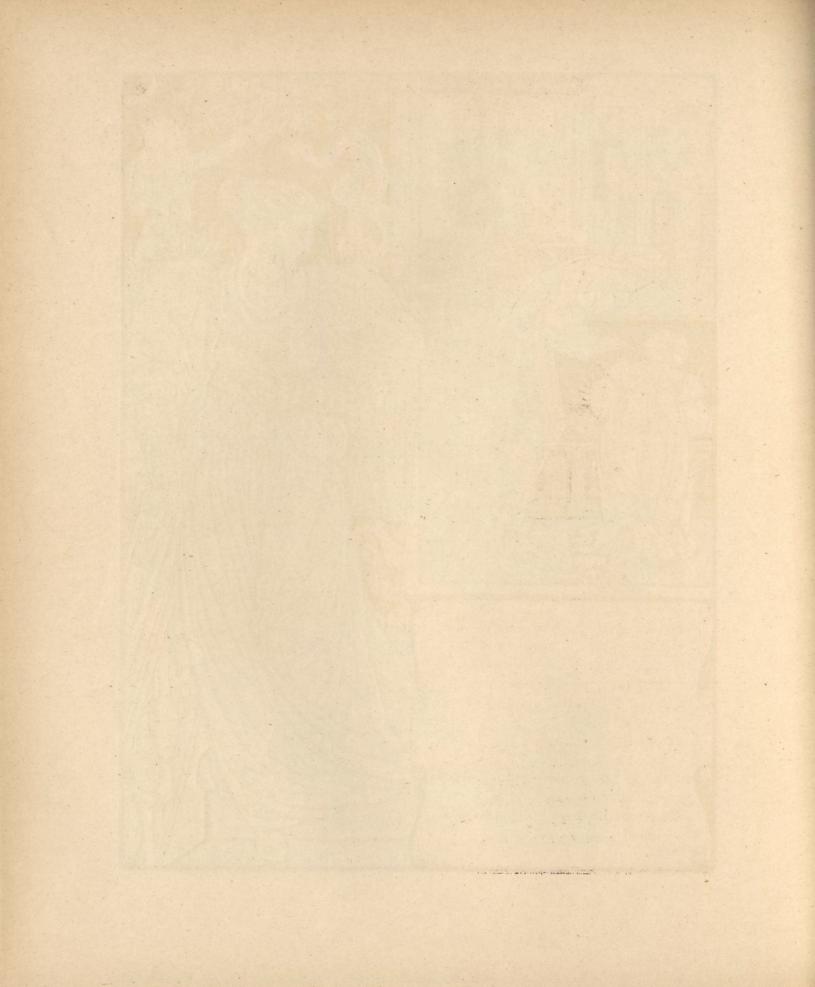


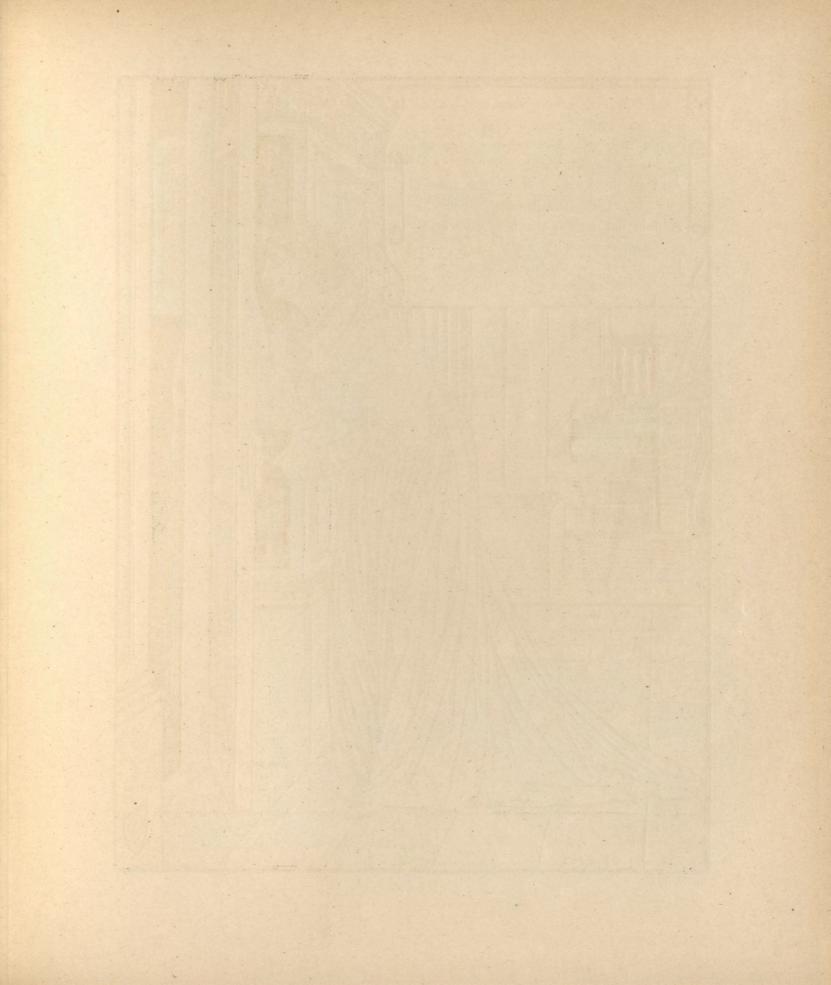




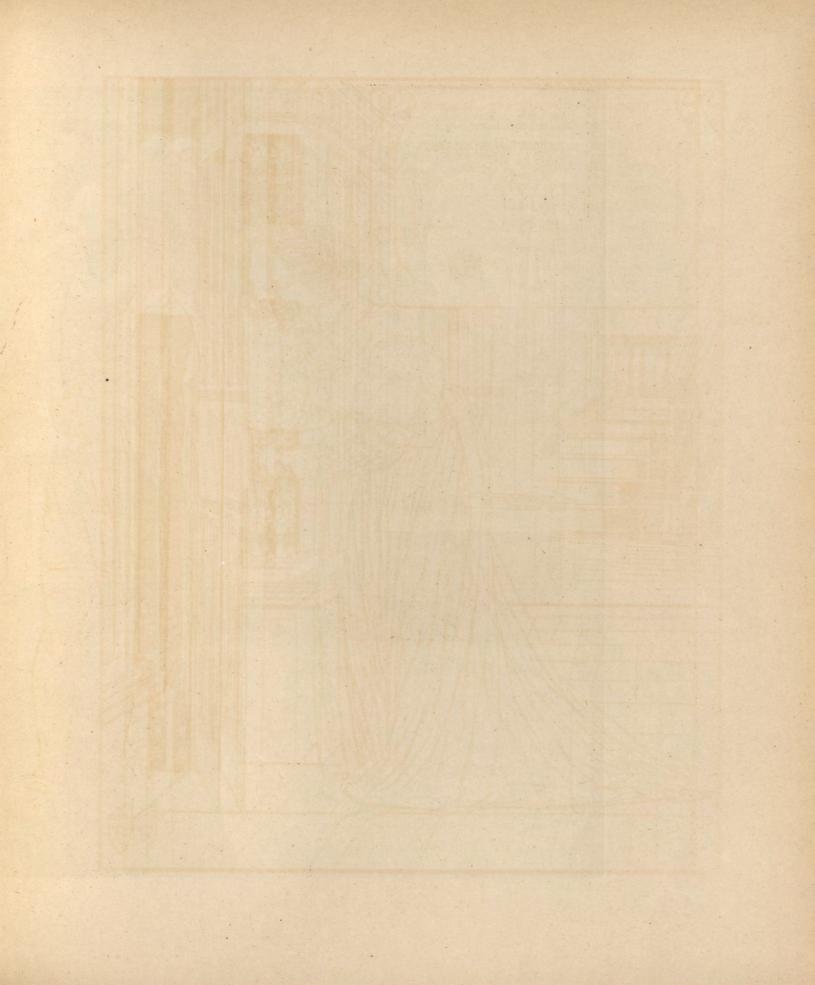










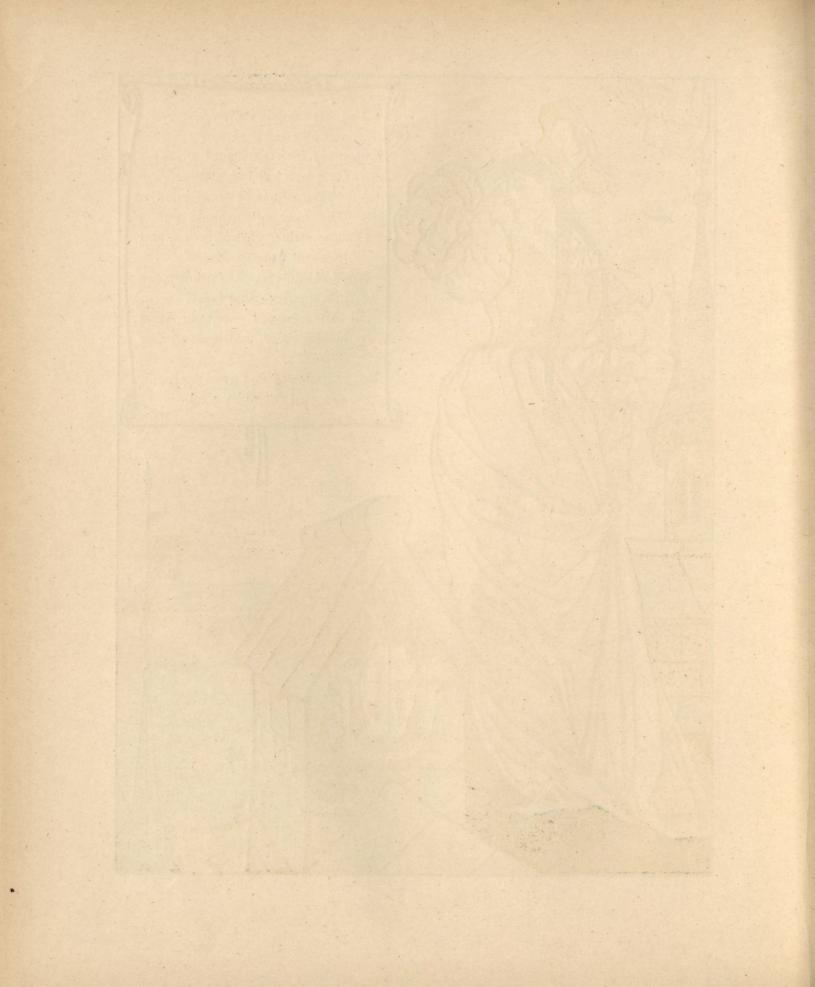


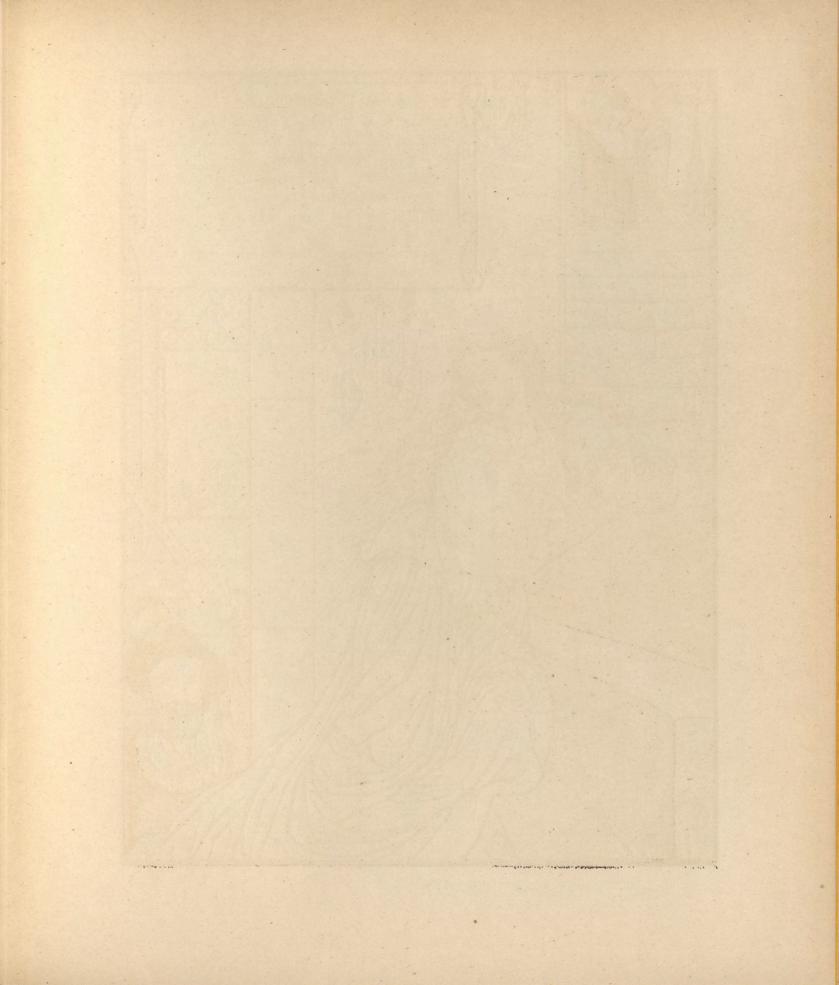






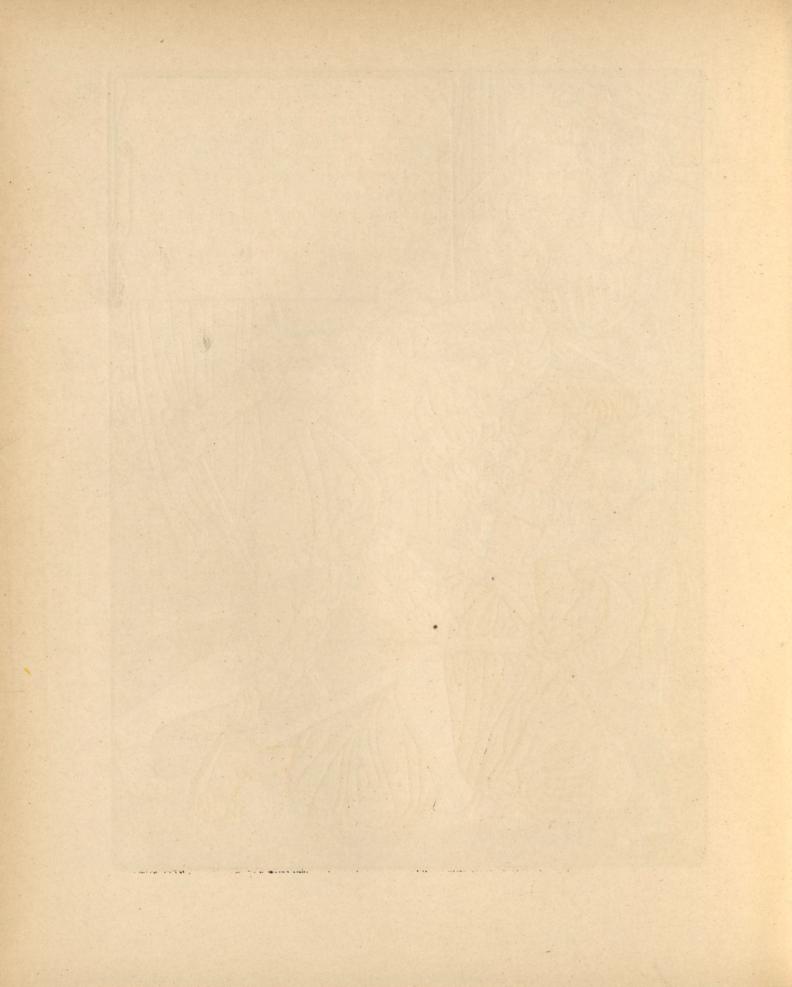




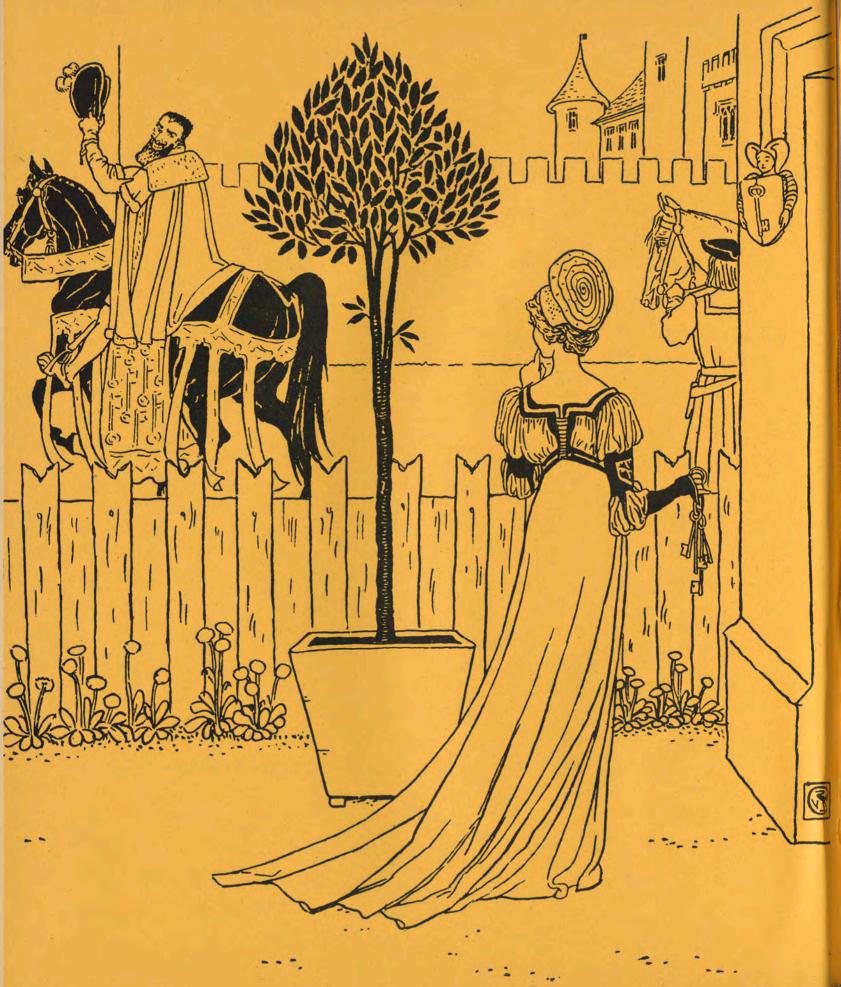




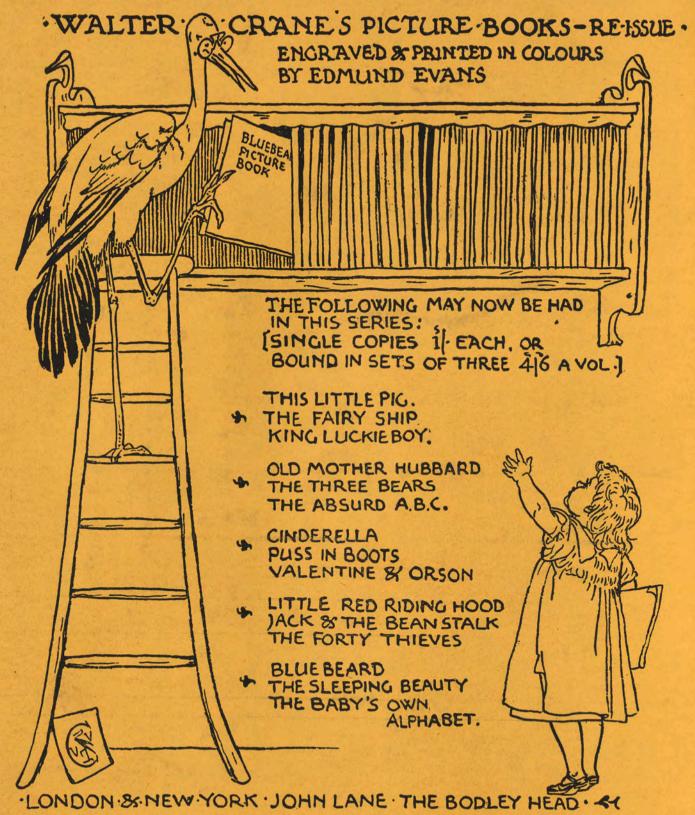


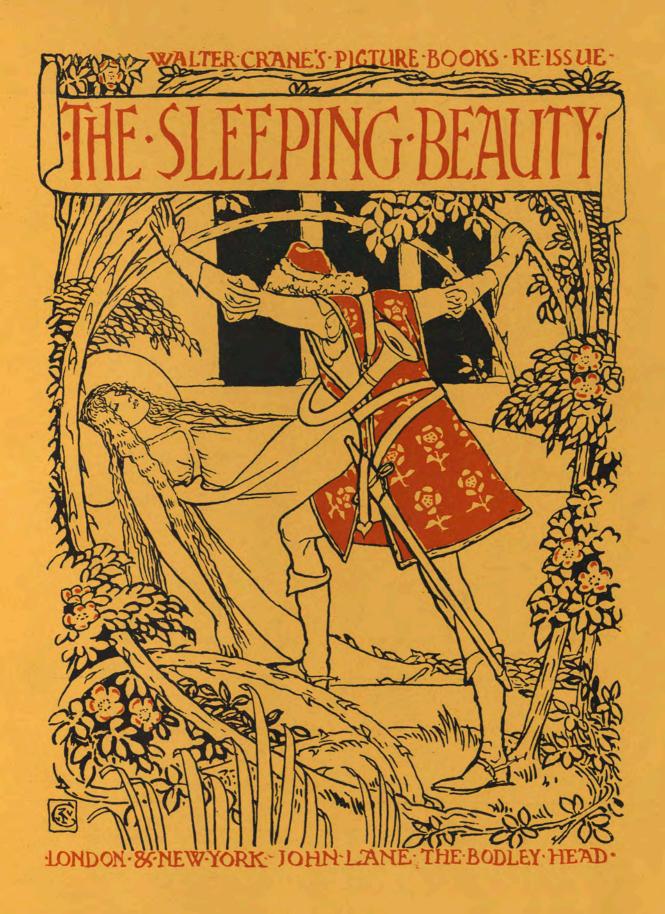


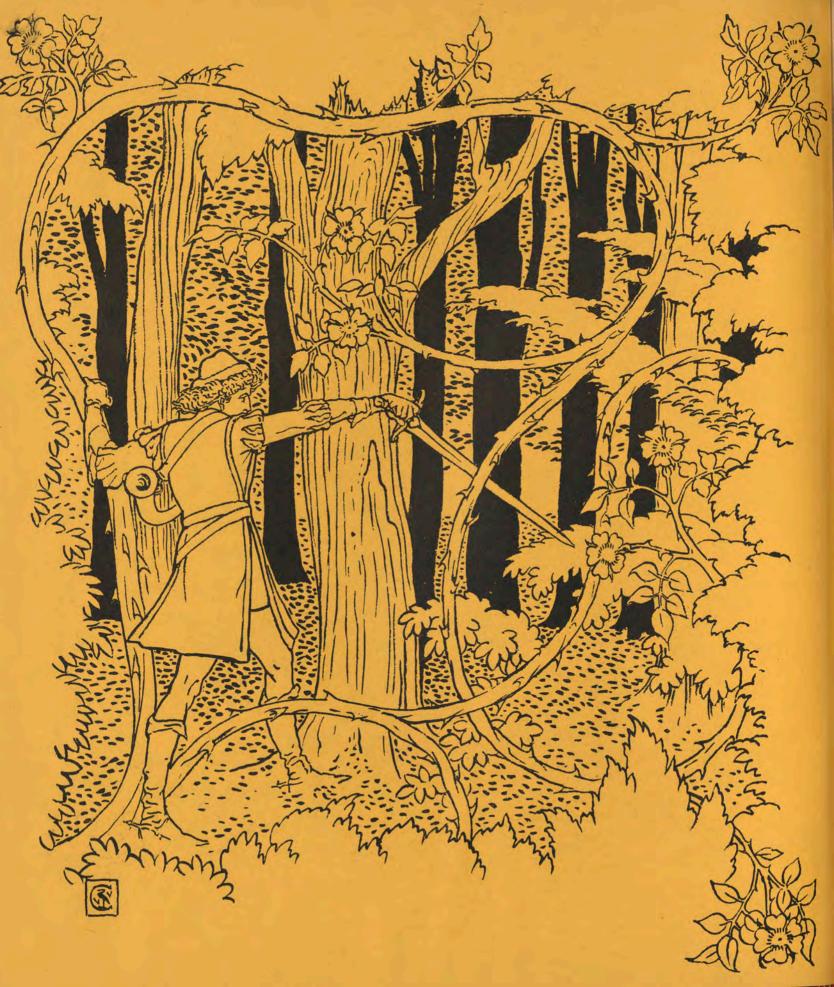


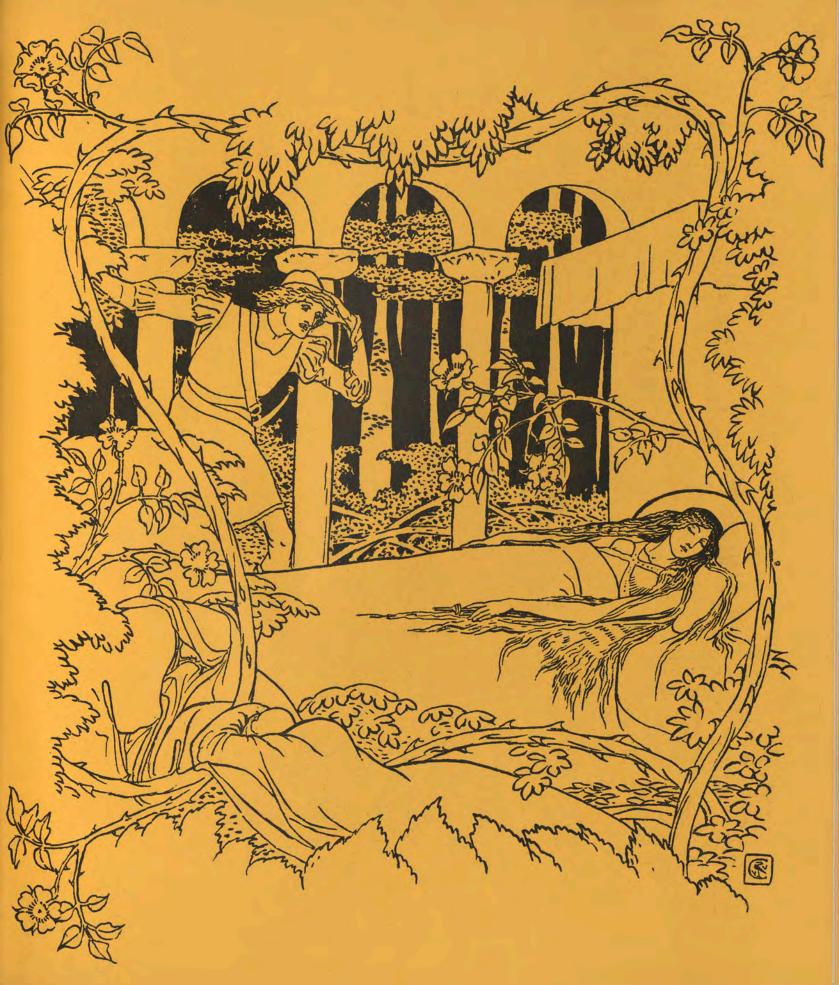




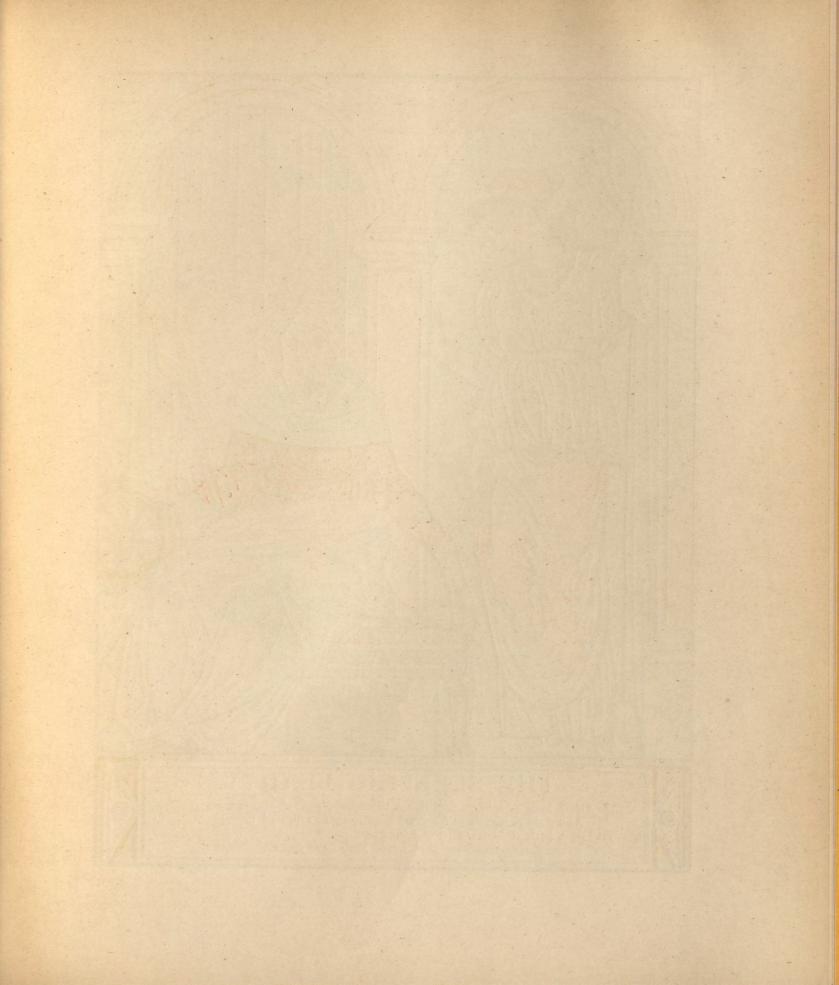






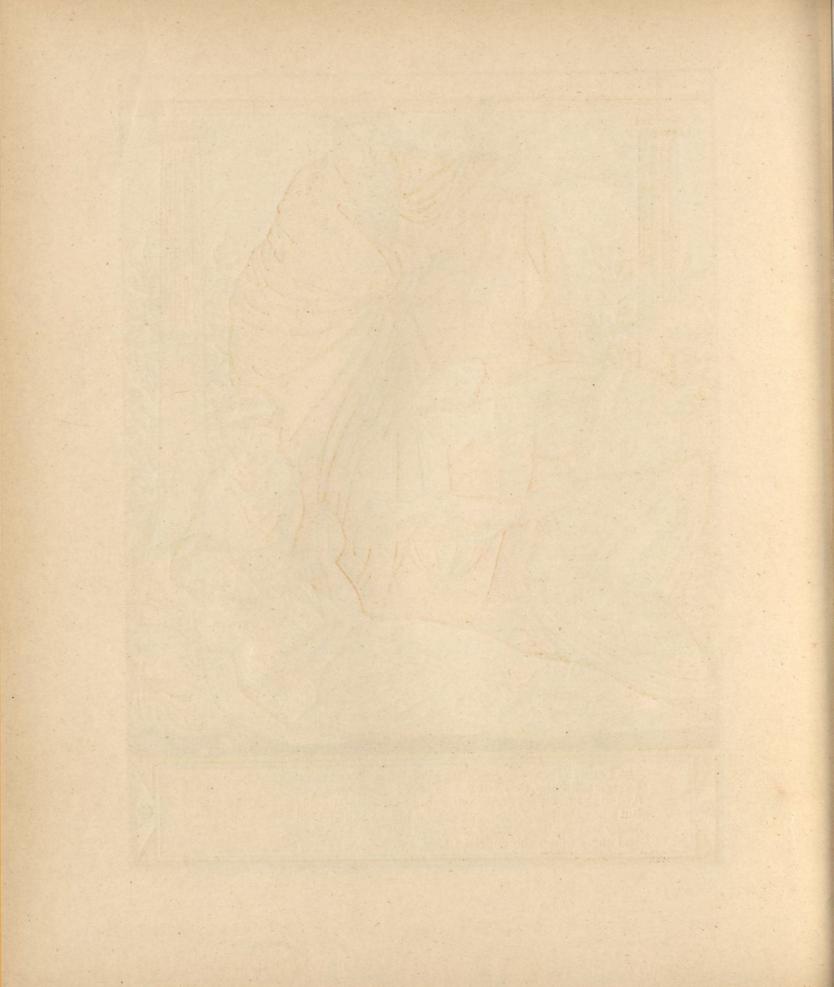


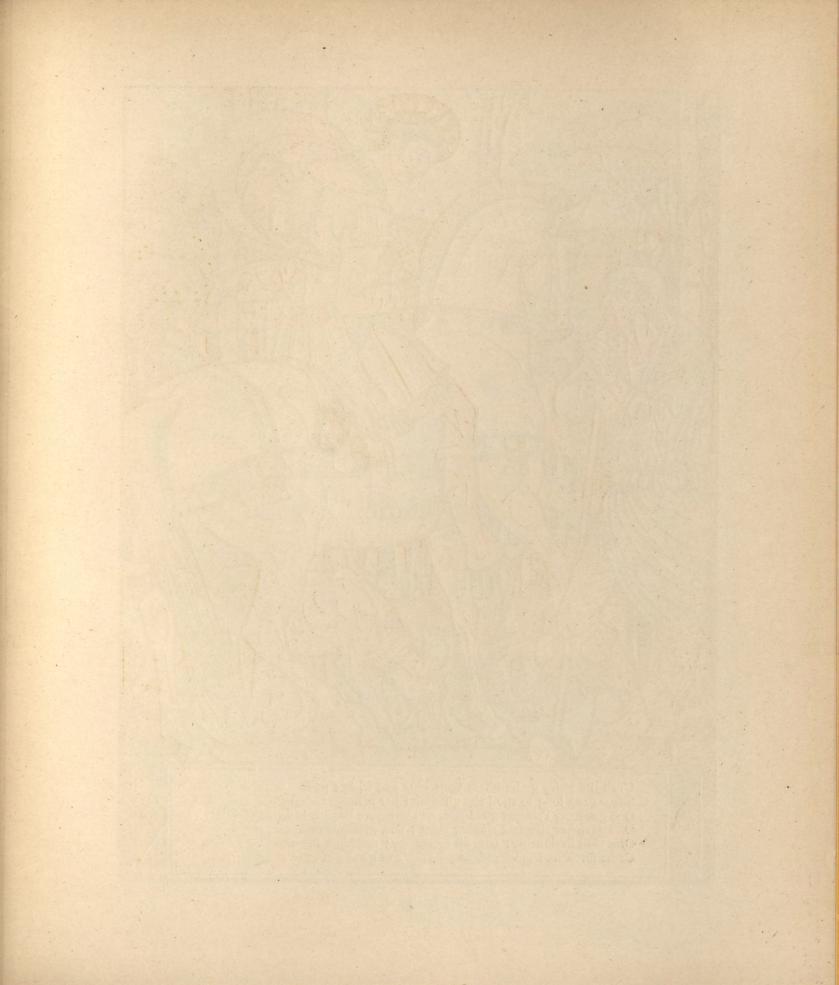




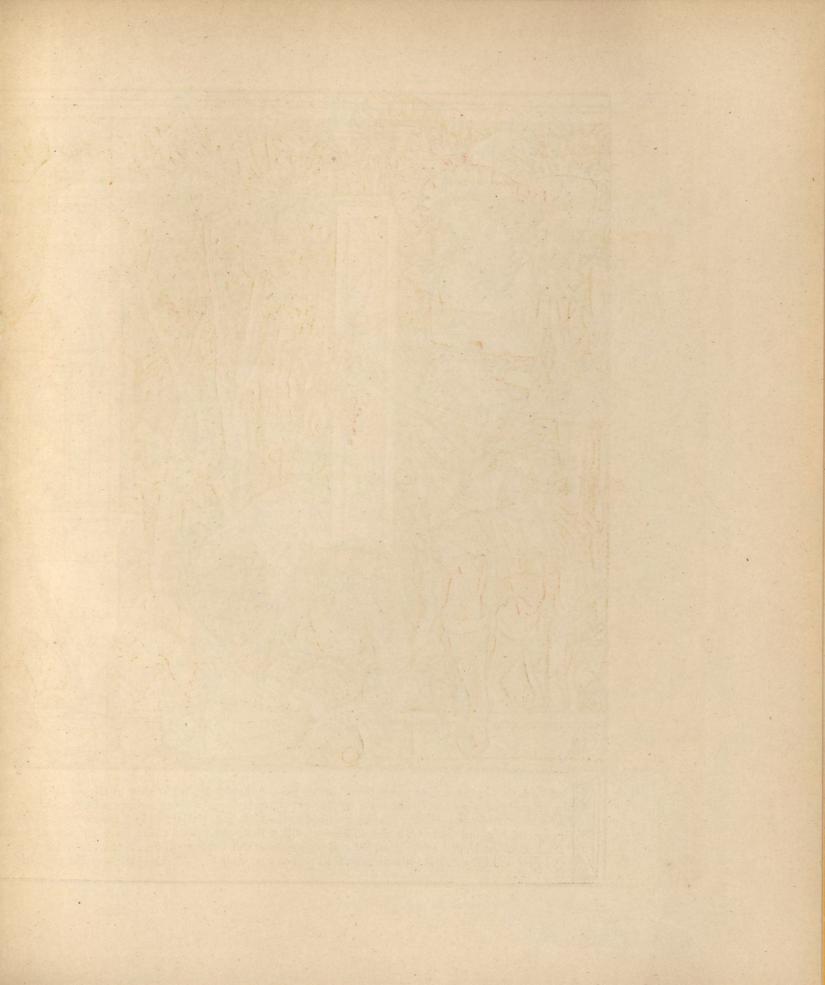


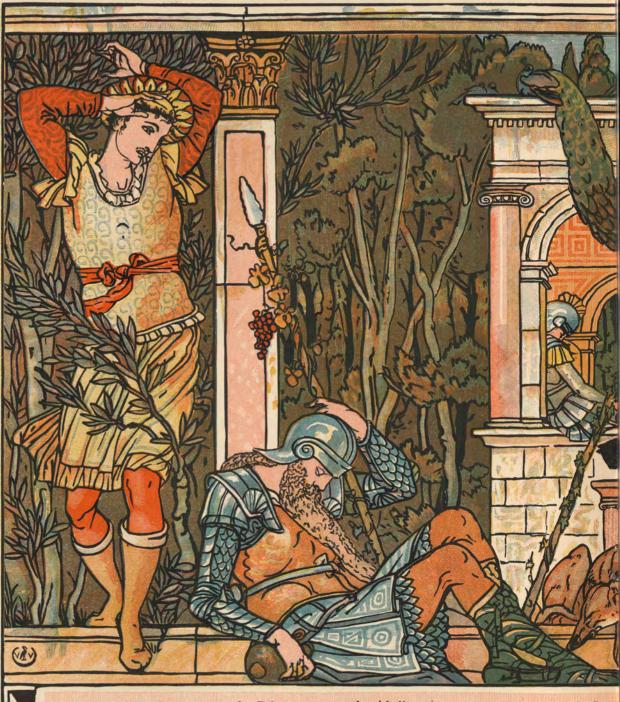












But said, that in the future years the Princess young should die, By pricking of a spindle-point—ah, woeful prophecy!
But now, a kind young Fairy, who had waited to the last, [are past;
Stepped forth, and said, "No, she shall sleep till a hundred years

There lives an ancient woman "And then she shall be wakened by a King's son—truth I tell—"And he will take her for his wife, and all will yet be well."

In vain in all her father's Cour The Princess found her out one Alas! the spindle pricked her h



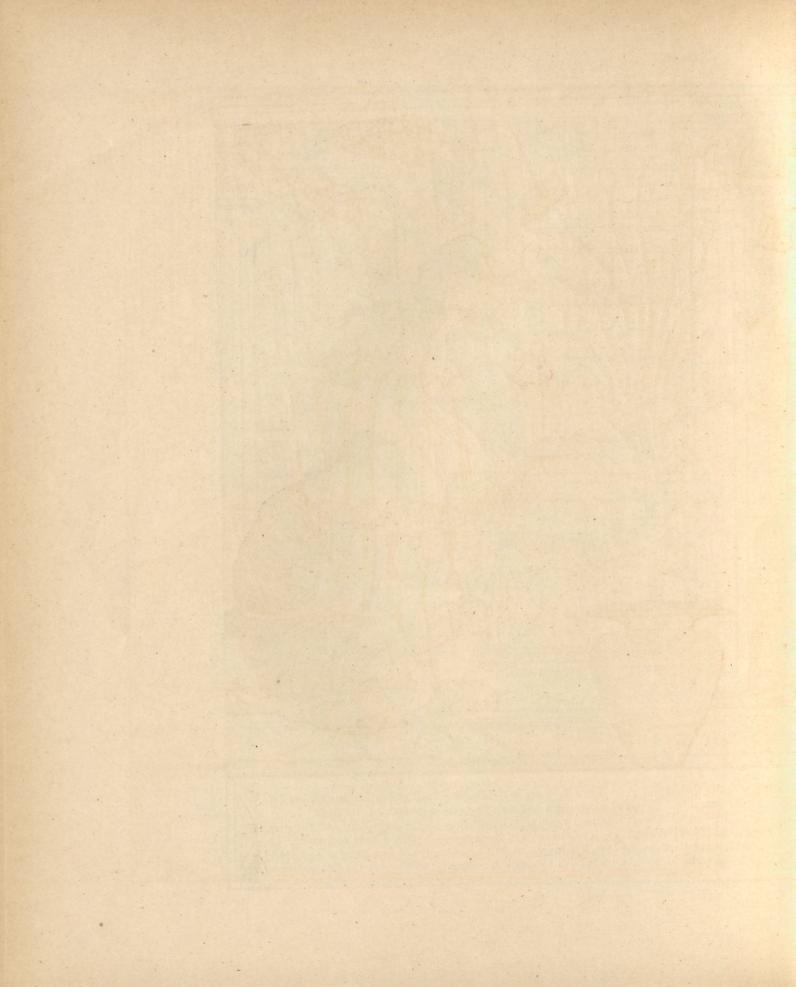
t the spinning-wheel's forbid

And down she falls in death-like sleep: they lay her on her bed, the spindles sharp are hid;
And all around her sink to rest—a palace of the dead!

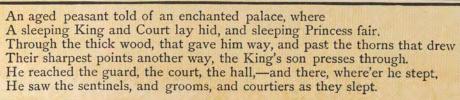
I up a winding stair,

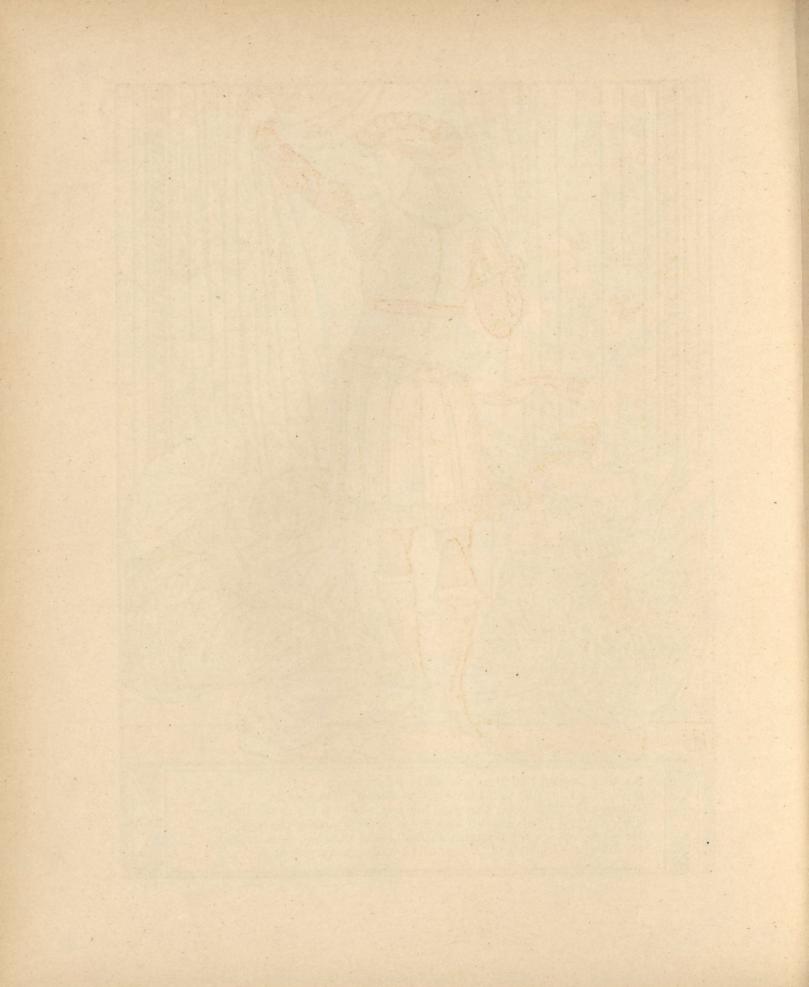
[care. 'A hundred years pass—still they sleep, and all around the place who still turns her wheel with A wood of thorns has risen up—no path a man can trace.

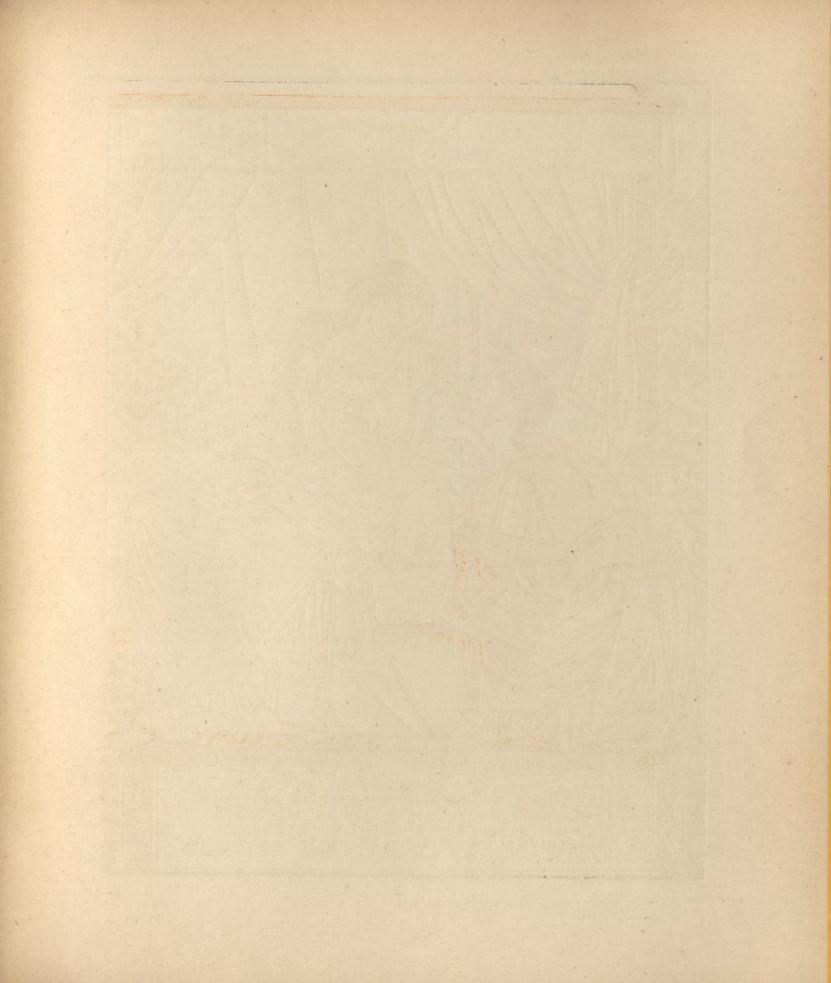
E day, and tried to learn to spin; At last, a King's son, in the hunt, asked how long it had stood, and—the charm had entered in! And what old towers were those he saw above the ancient wood,





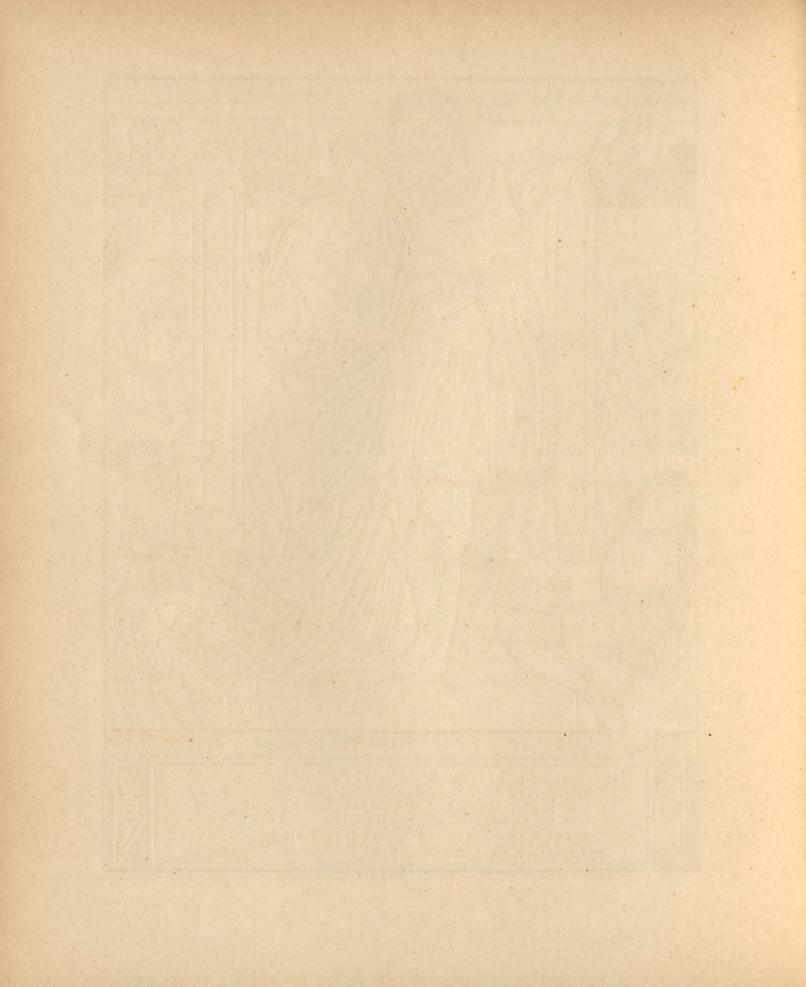






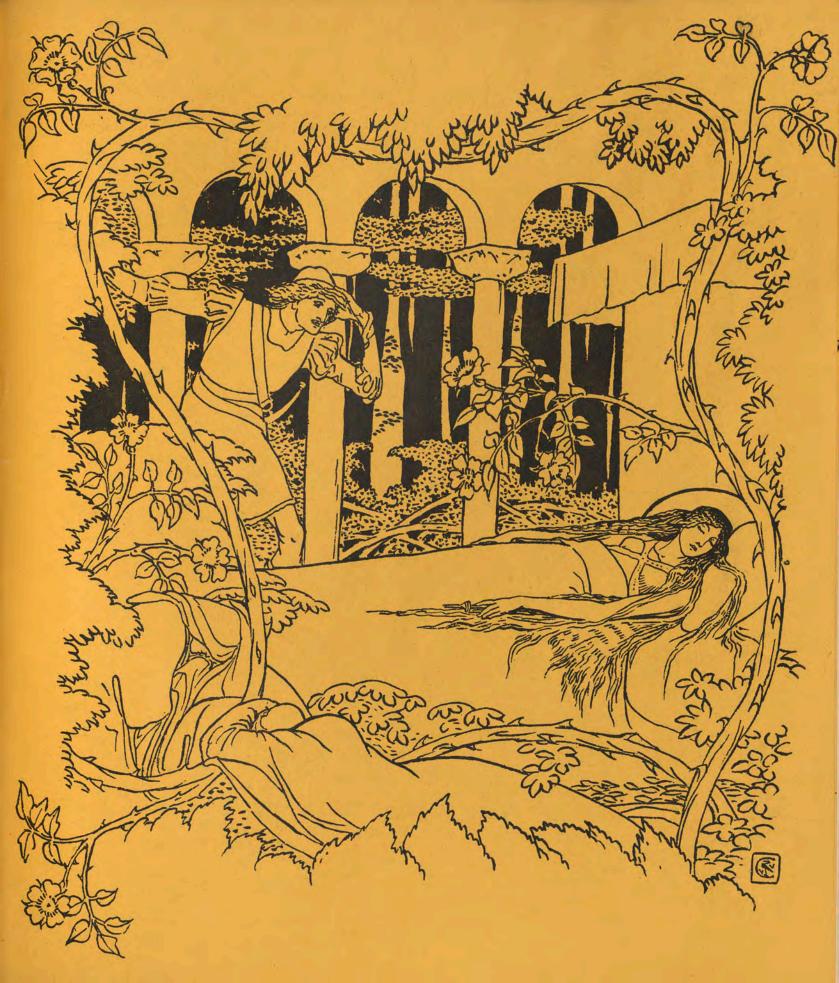


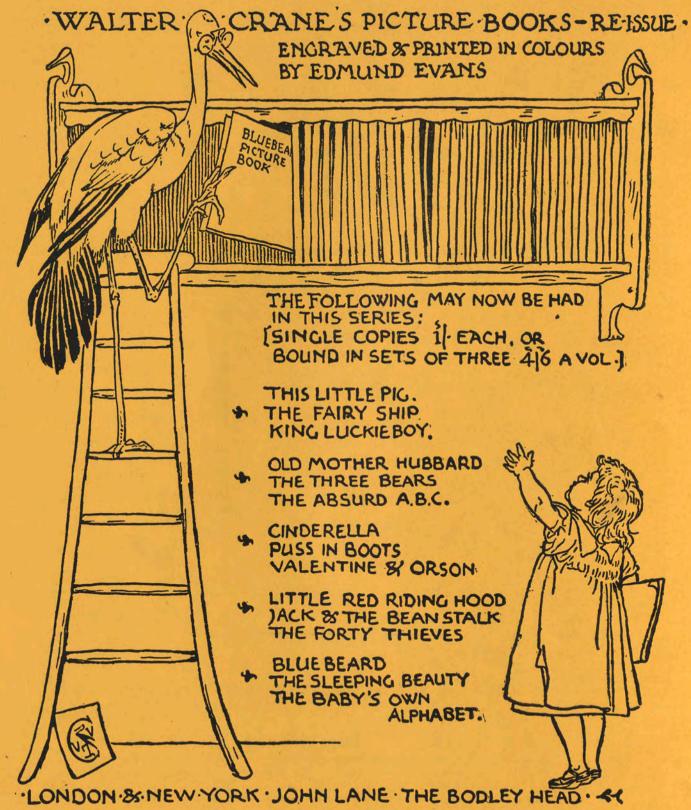










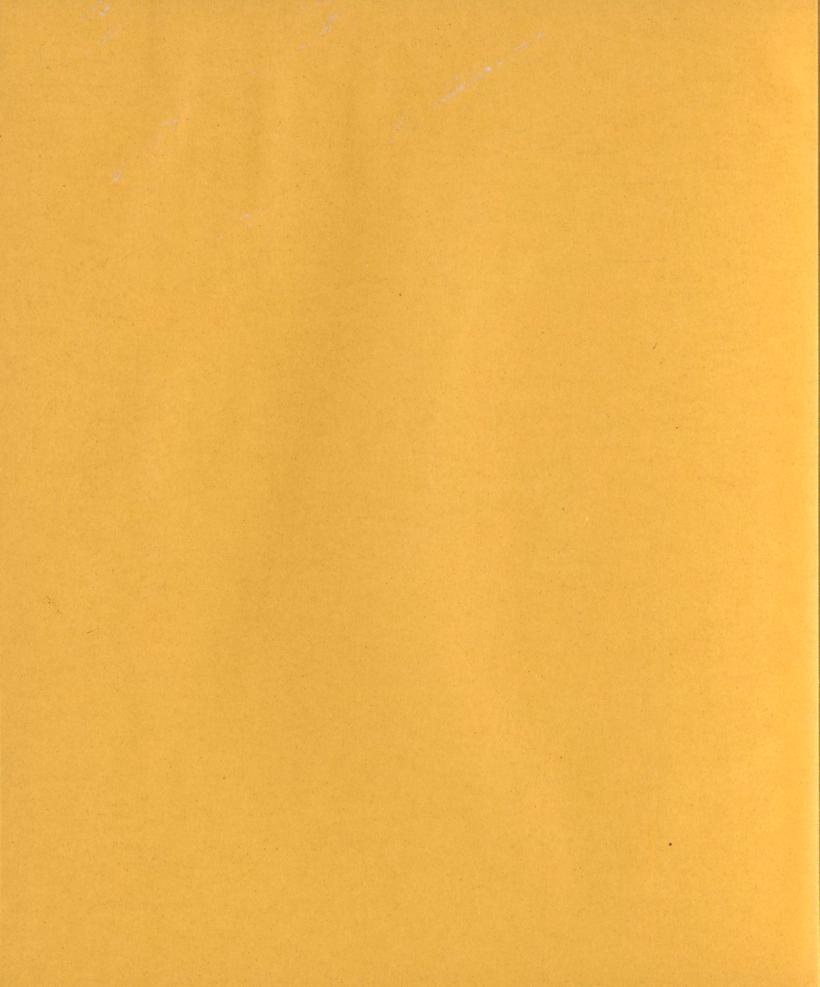


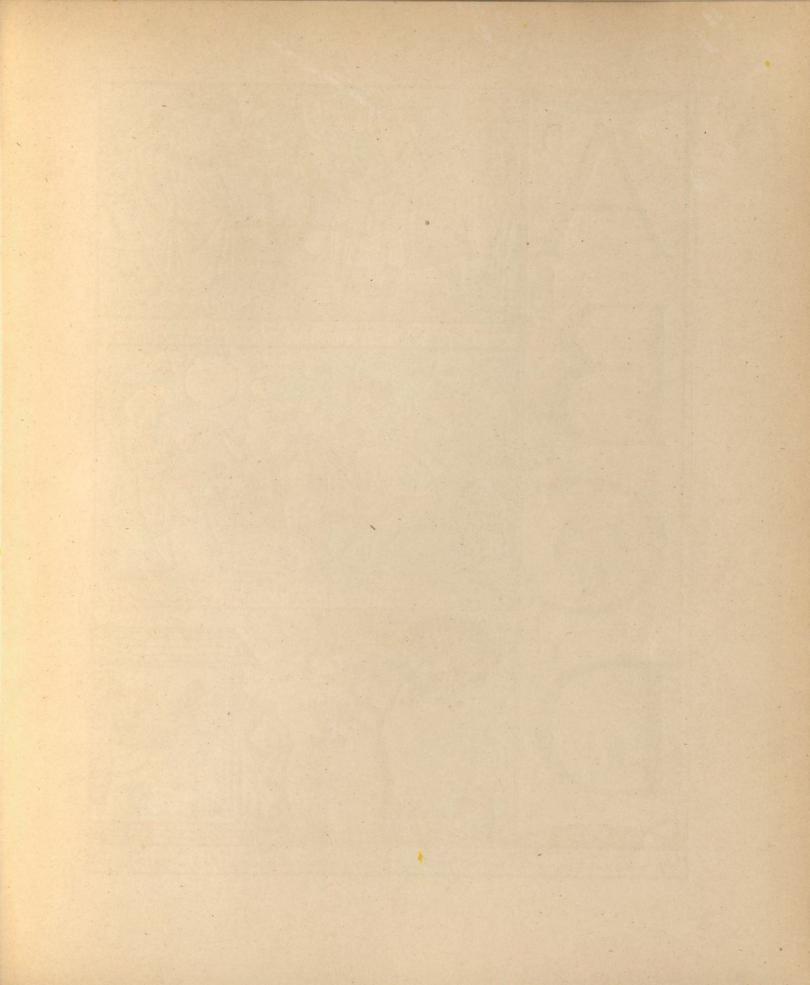
WALTER CRANE'S PICTURE BOOKS: RE-ISSUE 402

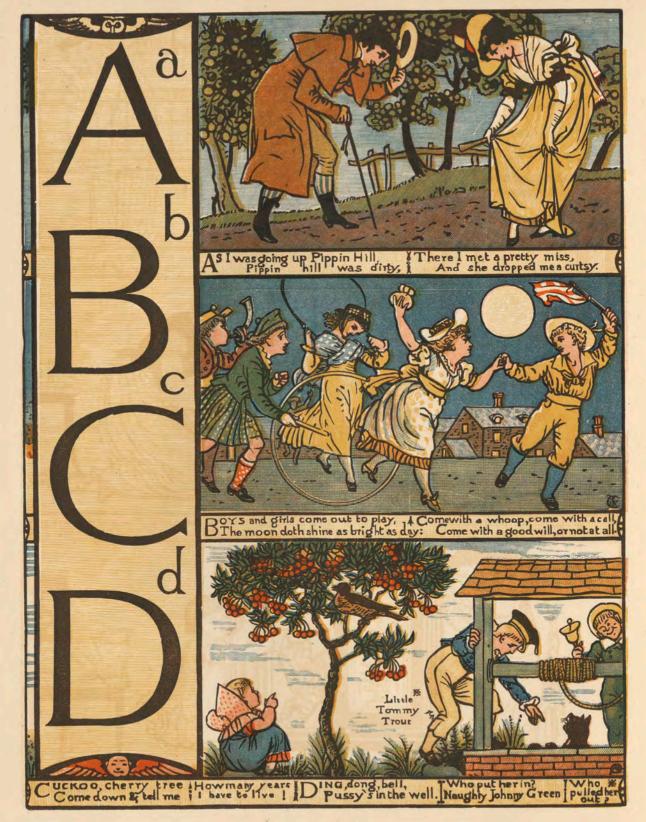
LONDON-&-NEW-YORK JOHN-LANE THE BODLEY-HEAD



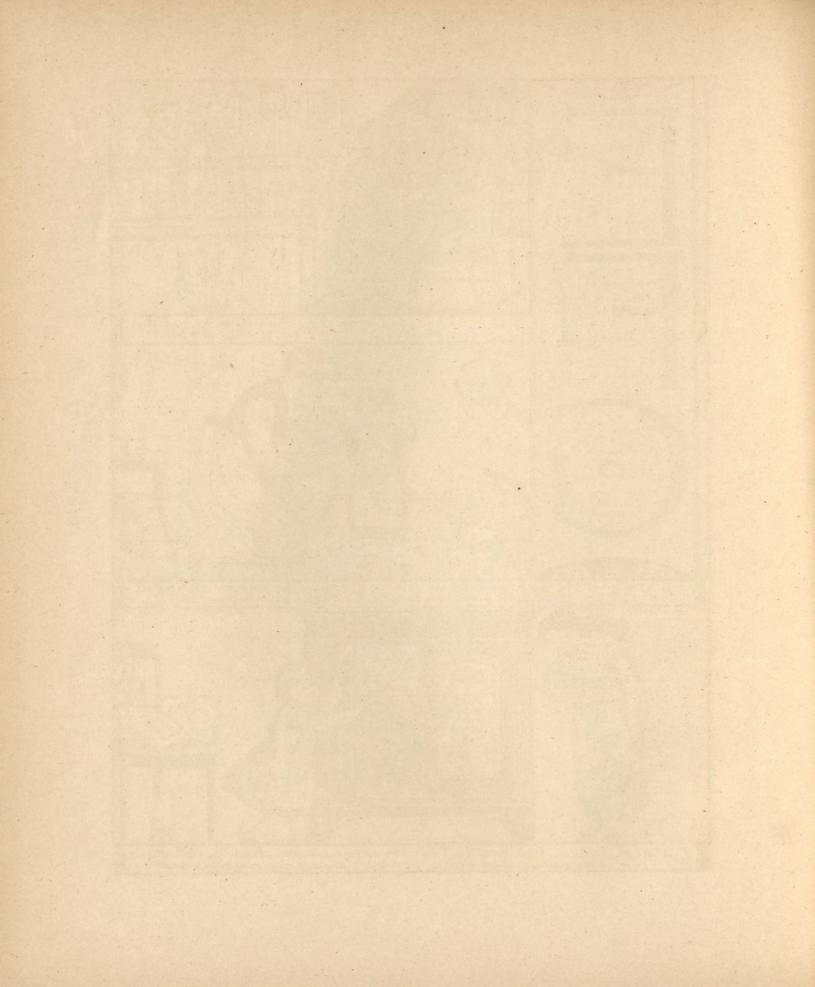


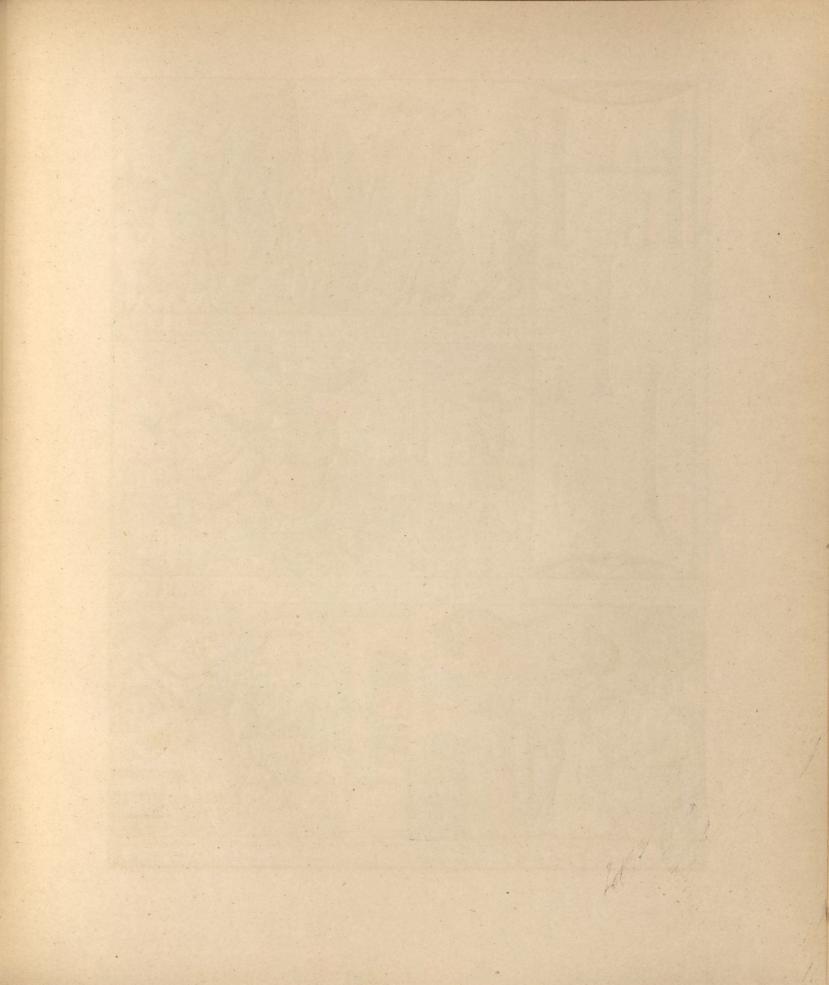


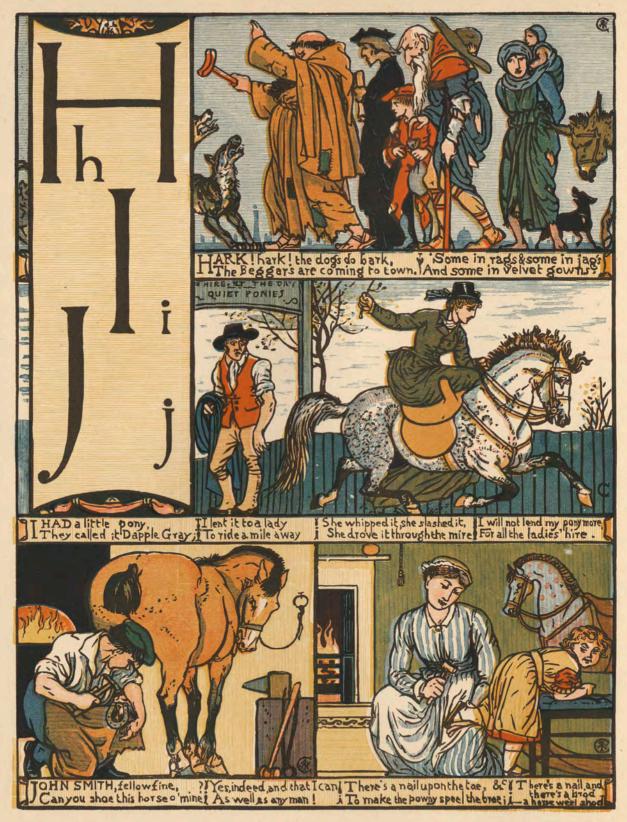


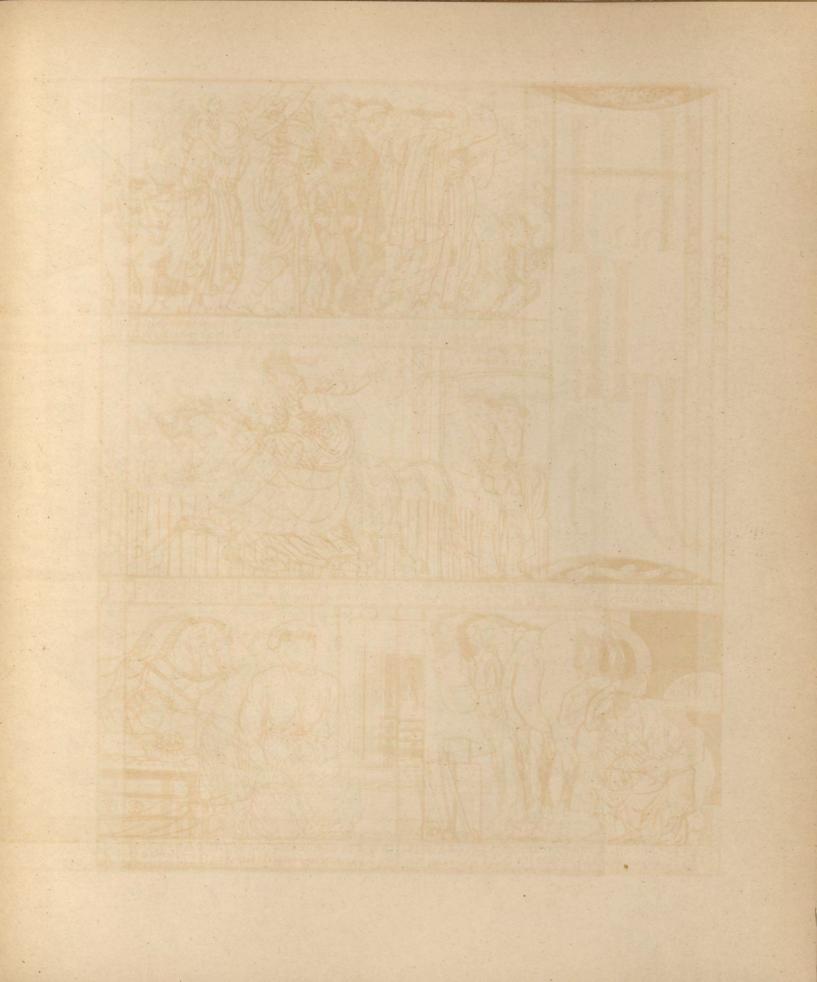




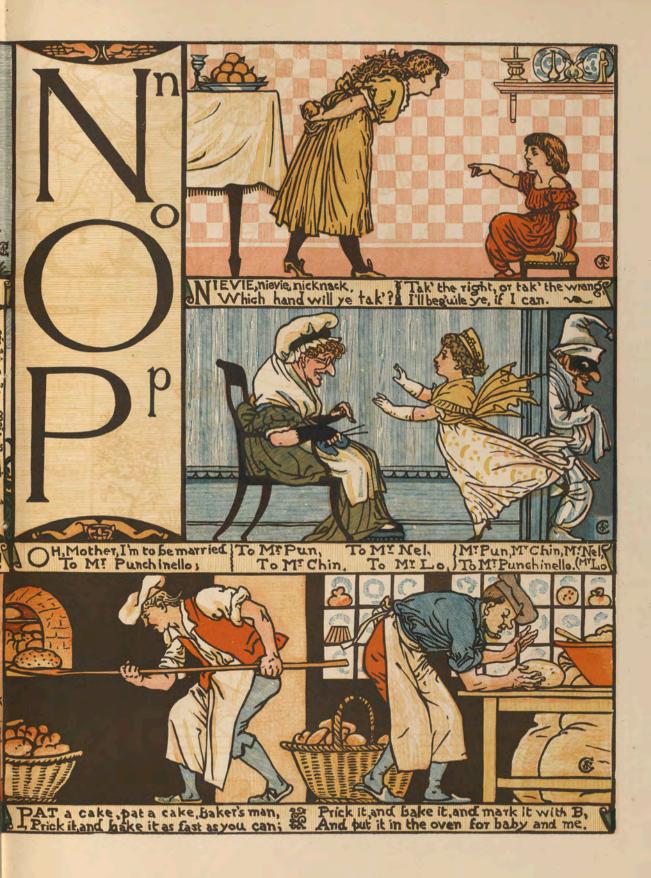


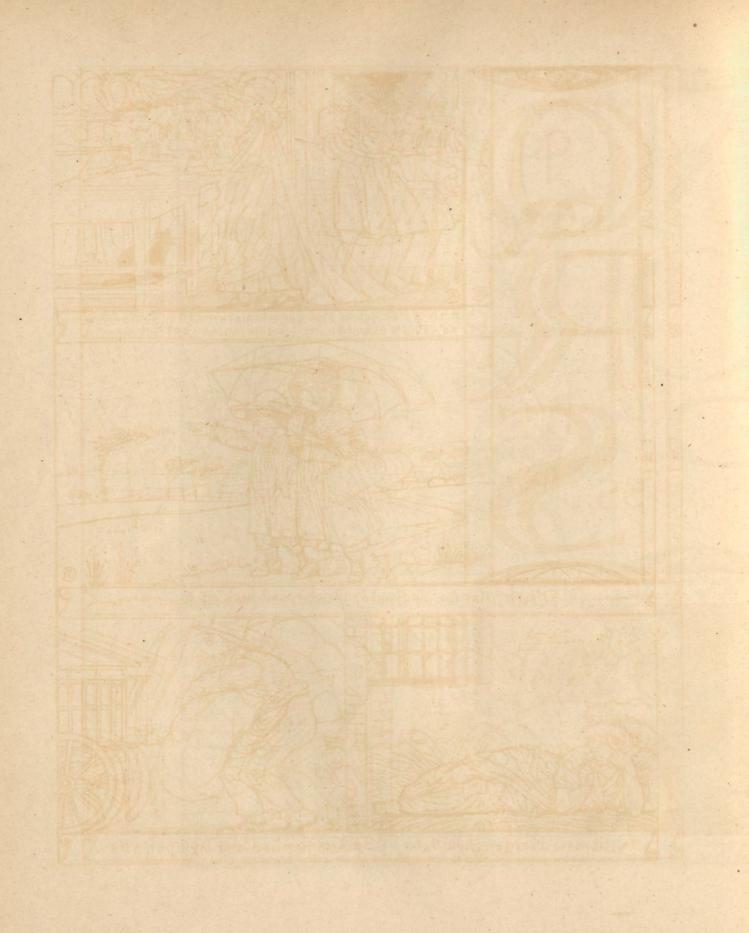


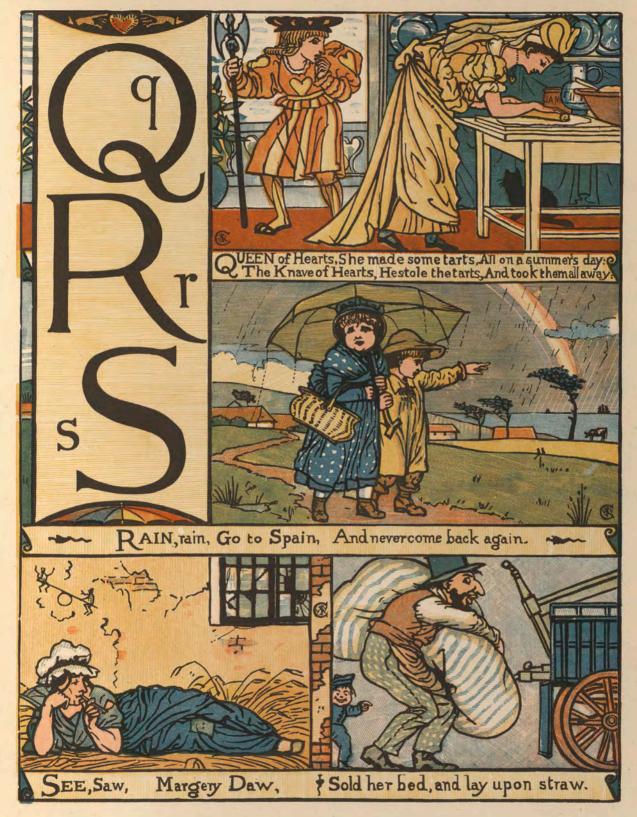


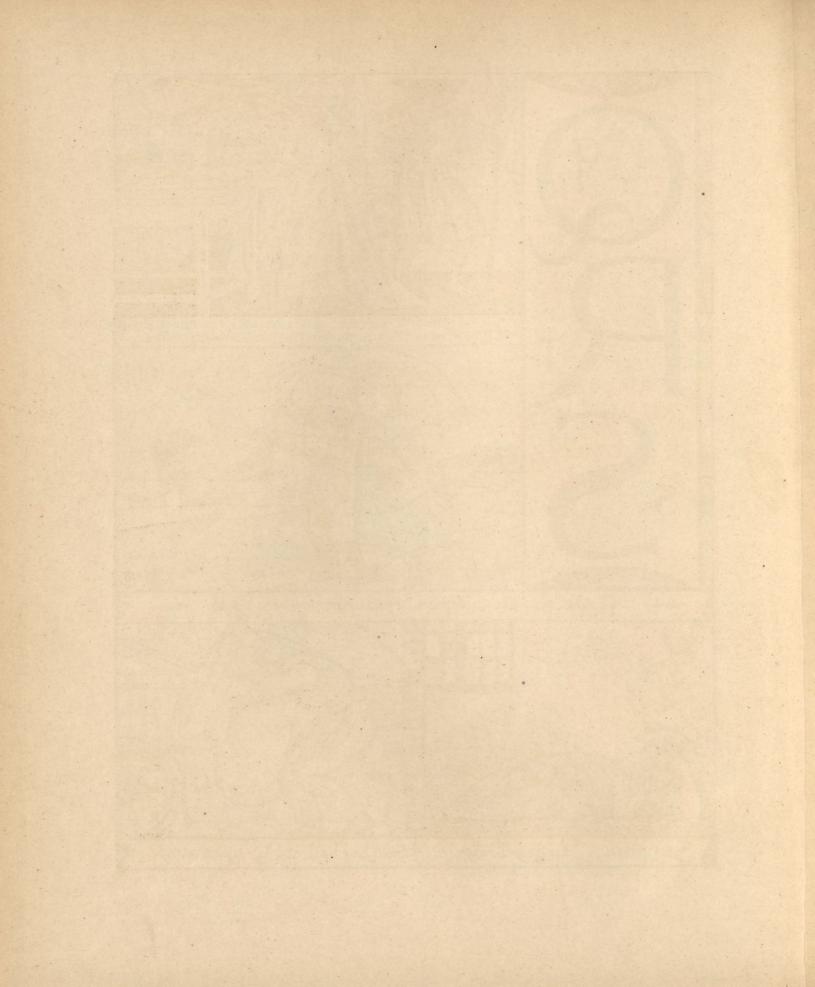


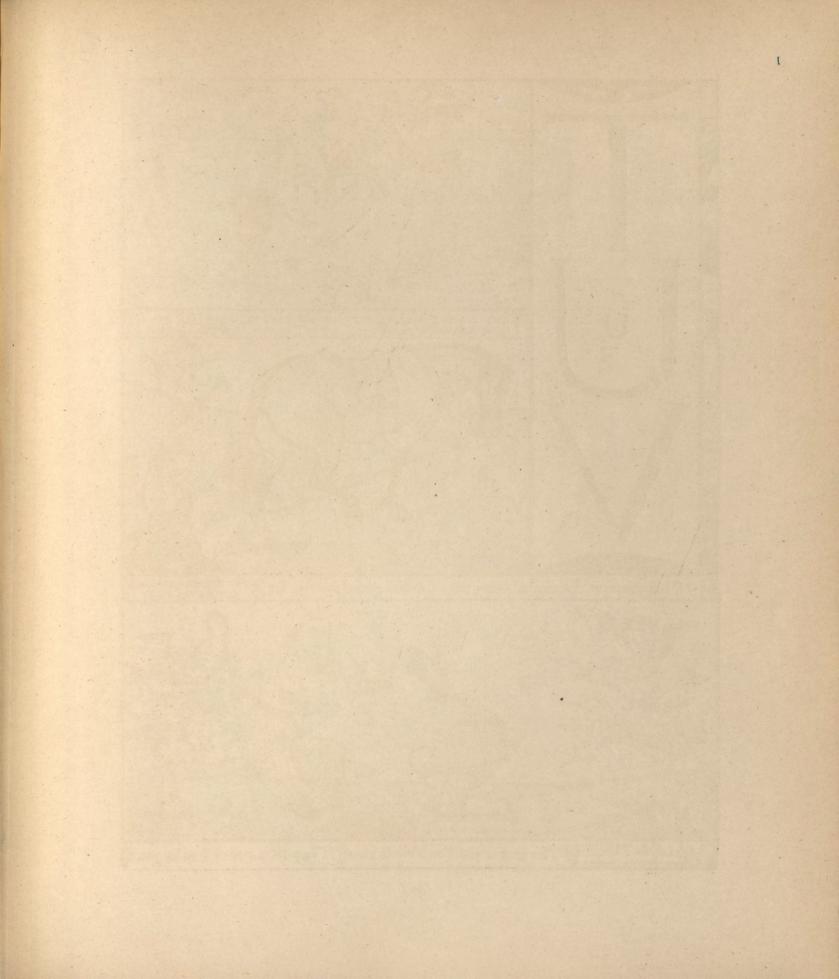




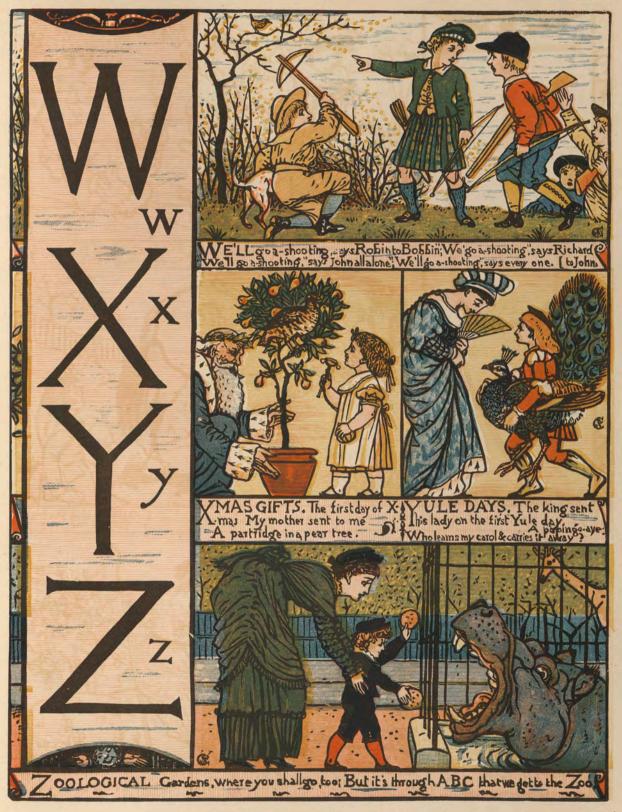


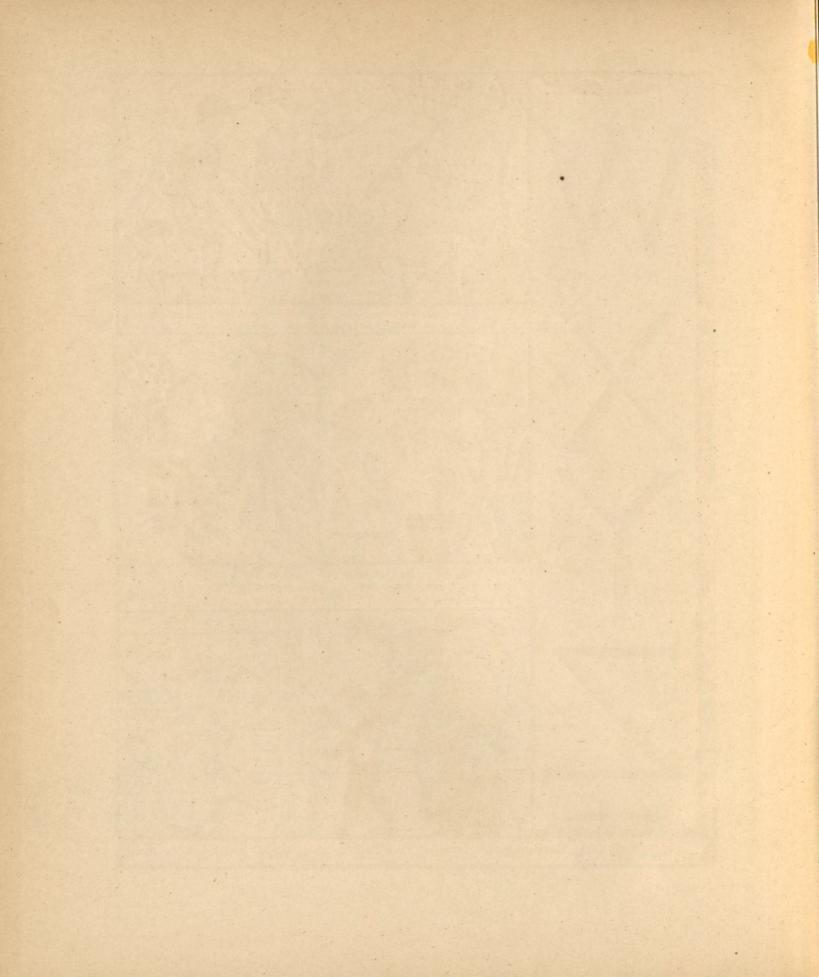






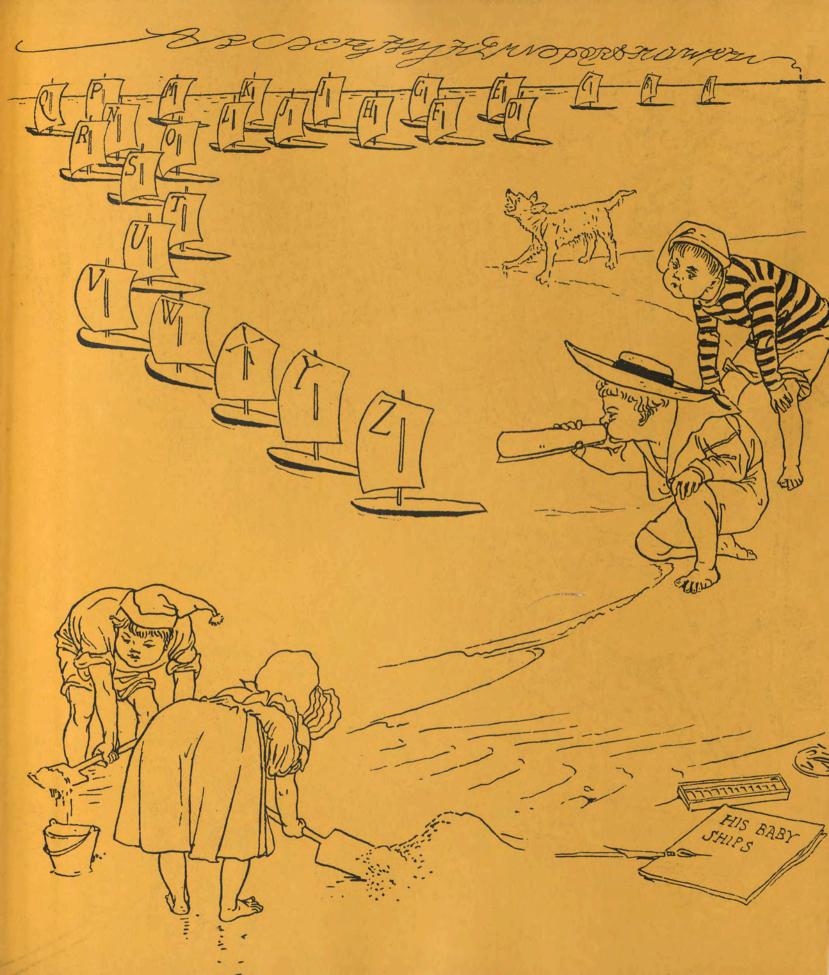




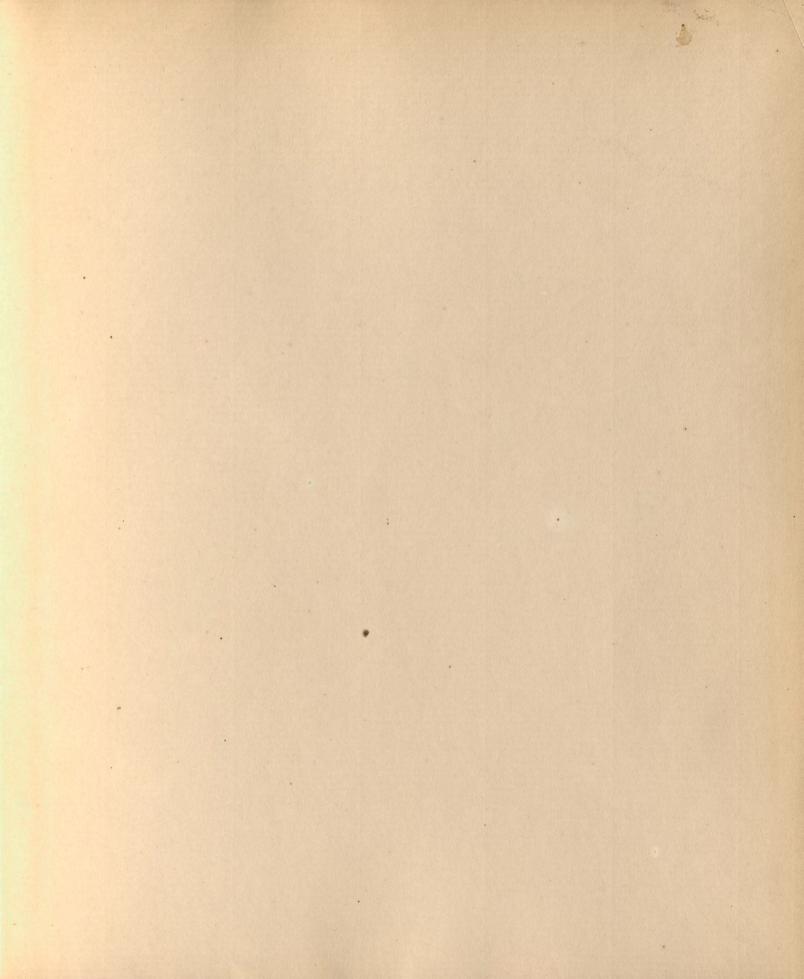


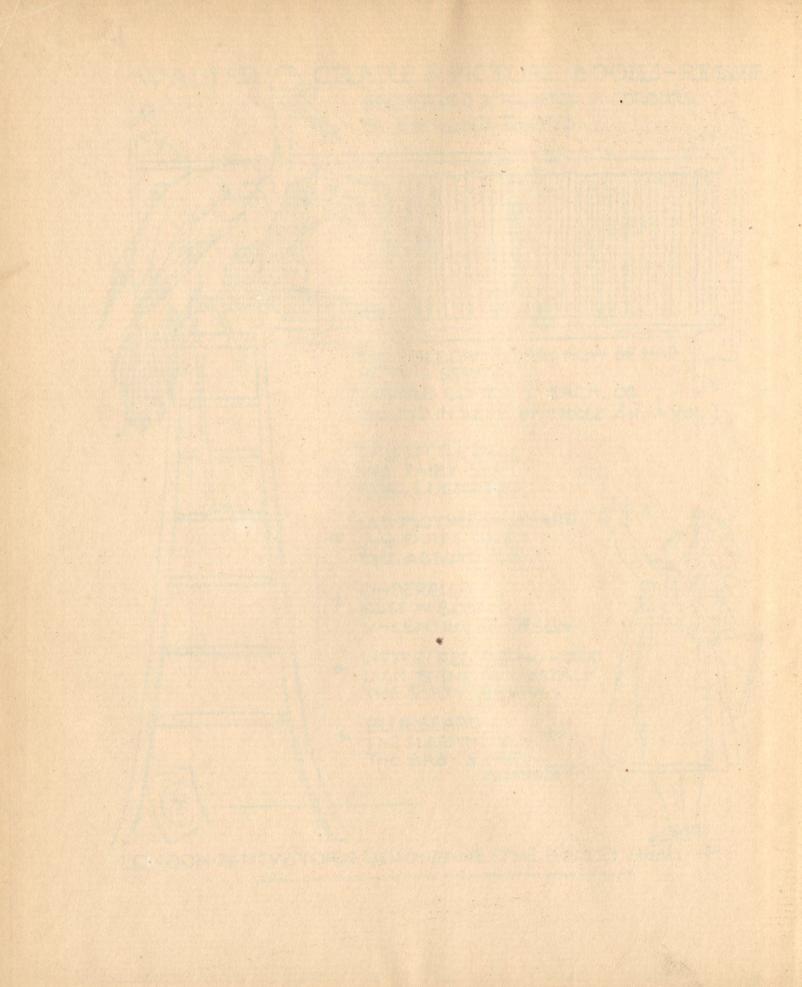


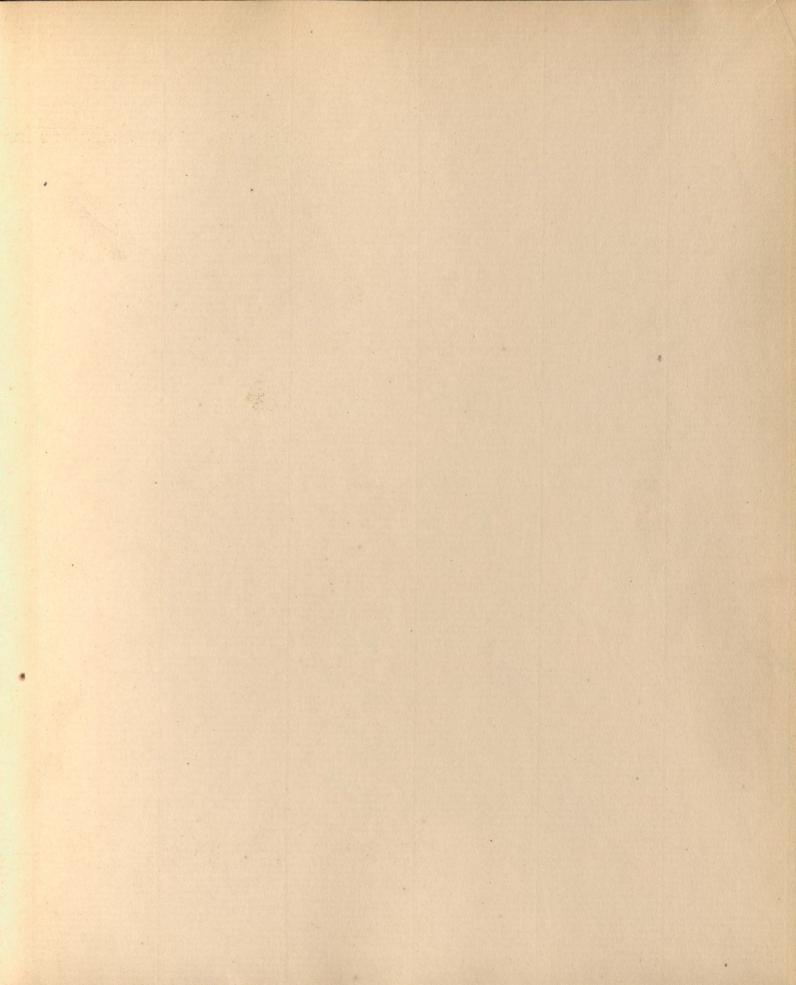


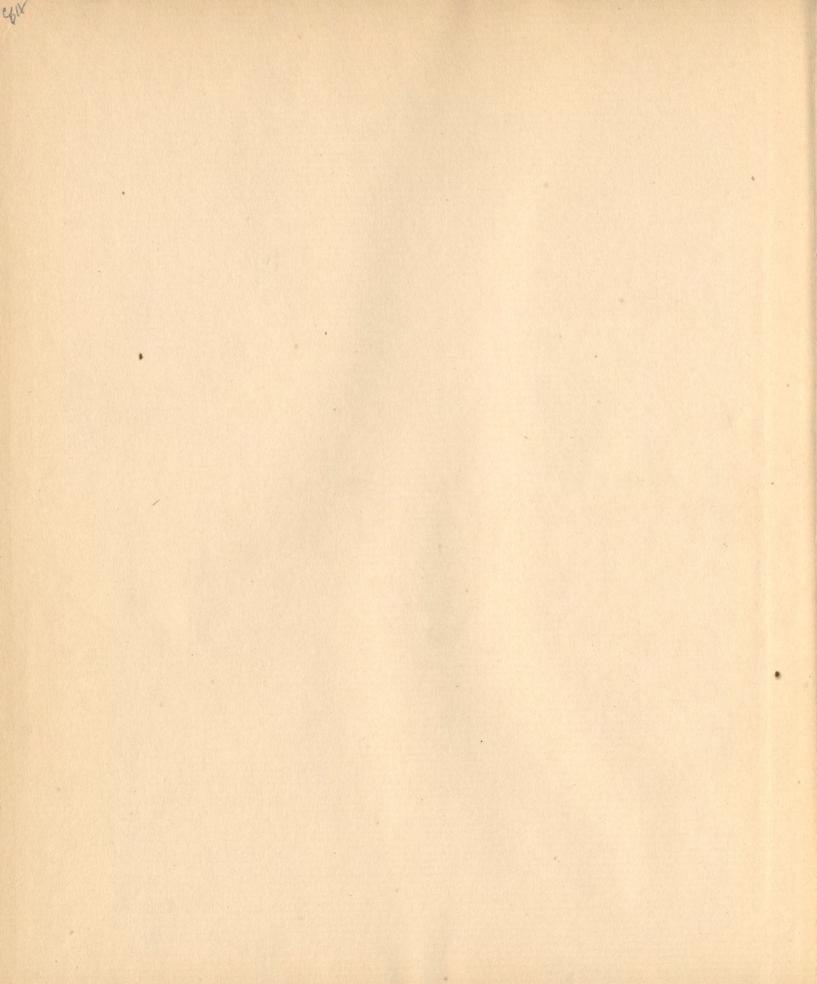












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